

STAN LEE Presents:

HOWARD *the* DUCK?

Volume 1 No. 1 October 1979

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A midnight stopover at the shunned Fairer Fowl Farms involves Howard the Duck in his most macabre ordeal when he faces the feathered fury of—Mr. Chicken! By Bill Mantlo, Mike Golden and Klaus Janson.

THE \$64,000 DESPERADO 27

In the sprawling metropolis of Cleveland, Howard finds something less than fame and fortune when he engages in that great American pastime, getting a job. But others are driven to more vile means of achieving wealth...others such as Jackpot the One-Armed Bandit! By Bill Mantlo, Gene Colan and Bob McLeod.

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And with its perniciously plush appearance, the doldrums of daily existence for our newly domesticated duck come to an abrupt, nearly fatal halt! By Bill Mantlo, Gene Colan and Dave Simons.

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You'll believe a duck can WAAAAAAAK! Howard the Duck, as every red-blooded American knows, is a being from an alternate universe, now here on earth through some wacky (pun intended) misadventure and —trapped in a world he never made.

Now that that's over, let's talk about what we're doing here and where we're going. Howard the Duck made his debut in a Man-Thing story several years ago and has since gone on to run for president, seek to fulfill every fantasy and live out every nightmare of this commercialized, decadent, home-of-the-free consumer paradise.

Howard's vision is, of course, usually clearer than most of ours, and, amidst vain attempts to fight and retain his sanity—we've all lost ours—he recognizes the conspiracies at work around him.

Our little friend's problems are such, as a matter of fact, that the paranoids are after him.

This magazine marks the firm, confident waddle of our hero into a new phase of his career: Graduating from a color comic book to a black-and-white magazine.

His stories can now be nearly four times longer.

More room, more freedom, to make less sense of this crazy world. Join him in a surrealistic careening through suburban slums, dingy factories, urban blight, fortified and buttressed garden apartments, sweaty bedrooms and dangling participle.

Your guides are a great team of creators: Bill Mantlo, writer; Gene Colan and Mike Golden, artists; Klaus Janson, Bob McLeod and Dave Simons, embellishers.

Pisanti & Aschell



Stan Lee Profoundly Presents a Marvel Magazine!

You'll Believe a Duck Can Talk!



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HOWARD *the* DUCK?

TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE NEVER MADE!

**ALL
NEW!**



**The Nemesis of
Middle America
Nervously Stars
in His Own
Magazine!**

*

**HOWARD
BOLDLY
WADDLES UP TO
HIS WEIRDEST
FOES!**

*

- The Macabre Mr. Chicken!
- Jackpot, the One-Armed Bandit!
- The Charismatic Chair-Thing!
- Pro Rata, Cosmic Accountant!



**64 PAGES OF
GLEAMING, GLORIOUS
BLACK AND WHITE!**



CHAPTER ONE

THE RAIN BEATS A STACCATO TATTOO ON THE WINDSHIELD OF LEE SWITZLER'S 1957 PLYMOUTH VALIANT-- BUT NOT EVEN THE INCLEMENCY OF THE WEATHER CAN DAMPEN THE SENSE OF DEEP SATISFACTION FELT BY THE TRIO ON THE FRONT SEAT!

SKUDGE, PENNSYLVANIA, IS BEHIND THEM-- DOCTOR BONG HAS BEEN SOUNDLY DEFEATED!* DESTINY DRAWS THEM ON SQUEALING RADIALS TOWARDS THE TOLL PLAZA IN THE DISTANCE...

*AS SEEN IN HOWARD THE DUCK #31-- RICK.

Welcome to
OHIO
the BUCKEYE STATE

...AND TO AN UNSCHEDULED
APPOINTMENT WITH THE
BIZARRE!

FOWL OF FEAR!

SIGH! I'M GLAD WE
PULLED INTO THAT TRUCK-STOP
FOR DINNER, DUCKY-- IT'S BEEN
SO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD A
REAL AMERICAN MEAL!

THAT'S THE
WORD FOR IT,
BEV-- A BOTTLE OF
CRISCO ON EVERY
TABLE, AN' YER
CHOICE OF LIMP
GREENS WITH YER
SARAN-WRAPPED
ENTREE!

AW, DUCKO--
SPEED AN'
BRISCOS
AIN'T BAD! IT'S
REAL HOME-
COOKIN'!

YEAH-- "HOME"
AS IN PENAL
HOME!

BUT WHAT AM I GROUSIN' ABOUT?
WE'RE **TOGETHER** AGAIN! BEV,
I-- I MISSED YA-- MAYBE EVEN
MORE THAN I WAS WILLIN' TA
ADMIT TA MYSELF! WHEN I
THINK OF YA STUCK WITH
BONG ALL THESE
MONTHS...

WAS IT MONTHS?
GEE-- IT DIDN'T
SEEM THAT LONG!

BUT I MISSED YOU, TOO, DUCKY!
THOUGH WE'RE NOT A COUPLING
YOU'D FIND IN **MASTERS** AND
JOHNSON...

... I GUESS WHAT
WE'VE GOT IS A BONA-
FIDE **RELATIONSHIP**!

WITH US IT'S LIKE THAT
CARLY SIMON SONG--Y'KNOW:
"NOBODY DOES IT BETTER"--
I JUST DIDN'T THINK A
DUCK COULD MAKE ME
FEEL THAT WAY!

WELL, LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, KIDS--
YA LIVE AN' YA LEARN! YOU TWO'LL
HAVE TIME TO DO BOTH ONCE WE
GET BACK TO **CLEVELAND**!

YOUR
CHANGE,
SIR.

THANKS,
BUB.

BUT, AS LEE SWITZLER STEPS ON
THE GAS...

...A VULTURESQUE VISAGE PEERS
INTO THE STORM AFTER THE
RECEDING TAILLIGHTS!

SO-- THE **DUCK** RETURNS...
AND TO CLEVELAND!

ULE. °
.50
ERS
.00
E.25
s.75

HE SHALL FIND
THAT I HAVE
PREPARED FOR
HIM THIS TIME!

AND, TO FORESHADOW YET ANOTHER
CONTINUITY THREAD, JOURNEY WITH
US TO A PRIVATE ROOM IN **SKUDGE**
HOSPITAL WHERE WE FIND...

OH, GOWWY GEE! I TOLD HOWARD
AND BEVEWY TO GO ON TO
CWEVEWAND WITHOUT ME! I-- I
JUST COUWON'T BEAW TO WEAVE
POOR **COMATOSE PAUWL**! *

PEWHAPS IF I **PWAY**,
THE GOOD SHEPEWD
WHO WATCHES OVER
US ALL WILL **WAKE**
PAUWL UP--

*FROM A GUNSHOT WOUND RECEIVED
IN **HTD#26**-- RICK.

--AND **DEWIVER** US FROM THIS
TEWWIBLY TACKY WIDDLE TOWN!

AT THAT MOMENT,
UNSEEN BY THE
WEARY WINDA
WESTER...

I AM THE PARACLETE OF
KABOURKA-- THE ANGEL OF
THE LORD!

... PAUL SAME OPENS HIS EYES!

WHILE, SOMEWHERE ON INTERSTATE 80...



L-LEE--YOU'RE N-NOT DRIVING WITH FIRESTONE 500S B-BY ANY CHANCE--ARE YOU?

W-WHY--
YEAH, DUCKO!
I G-GOT A G-GOOD
DEAL ON 'EM
D-DURING THE
RECALL!



DITTO!

HOLD ON
TIGHT, KIDS!
WE'RE GOIN' OFF
THE SIDE OF THE
ROAD INTO
THE ...

WAAUGH



...DITCH.

FOR LONG SECONDS
THERE IS NO SOUND
SAVE THE RAIN...

THEN...

GOT 'EM CHEAP
HUH? ALL FIVE
OF 'EM, RIGHT?



N-NO...
ONLY FOUR!

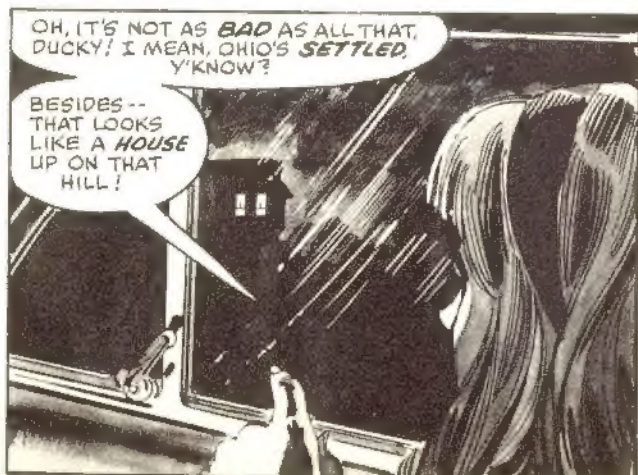
FOUR? YA MEAN
THERE'S NO SPARE??

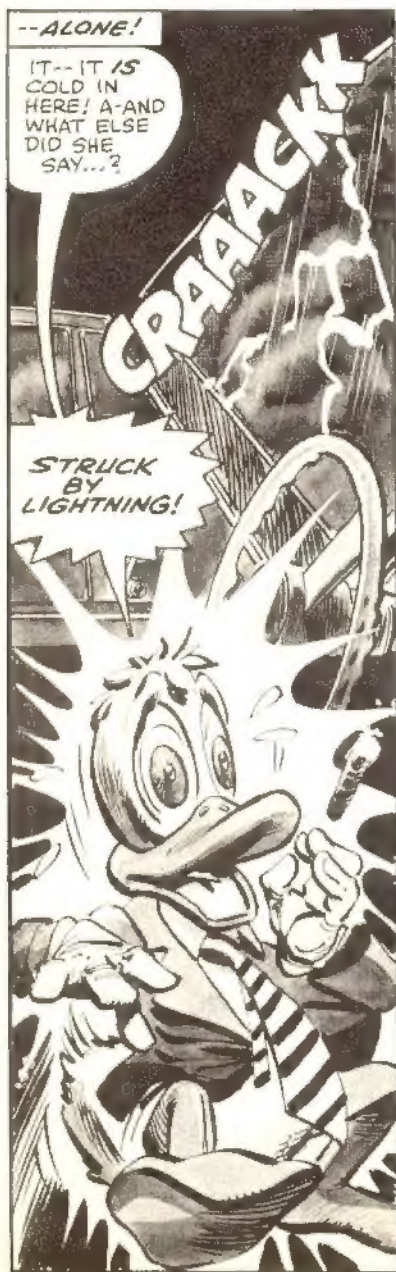
STUCK...?
IN OHIO...?



OH, IT'S NOT AS BAD AS ALL THAT,
DUCKY! I MEAN, OHIO'S SETTLED,
Y'KNOW?

BESIDES--
THAT LOOKS
LIKE A HOUSE
UP ON THAT
HILL!







IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU MUSHT
LEAVE--AT
ONCE!

WAAUGH!
HEY, TROOPS--
DOWN
HERE!



LOOK! A
PEEPHOLE!

DUCKO--YOU
HALLUCINATIN'?
THERE'S NUTHIN'
HERE!

I SAW WHAT
I SAW, LEE! AN'
IT TALKED
TO ME--

--IN A
VOICE AS COLD
AS THE GRAVE!



UH--HELLO! I'M BEVERLY
SWITZLER! OUR CAR GOT A FLAT
AND WE'RE **STRANDED**-- CAN
WE USE YOUR TELEPHONE?

DON'T HAVE
NO PHONE!

OH, WELL-- CAN WE
COME IN THEN?
IT'S RAINING!



UH-- I DON'T
RECKON THAT'S
A GOOD IDEA...

WE'RE NOT-- UH-- INTERRUPTING
YOUR **DINNER**, ARE WE?

I'D HATE
T'SEE THE
SALADS
HE TOSSES
WITH THAT!



SOMETHIN' WEIRD ABOUT THIS
PLACE-- FUNNY ODOR--
FAMILIAR, YA MIGHT SAY!

I THINK I'LL
SNOOP WHILE BEV
AN' LEE TALK
TA BALDY!



WAAUGH! THIS
AIN'T EXACTLY HOUSE
BEAUTIFUL'S IDEA OF
YER EVERYDAY SITIN'
ROOM!

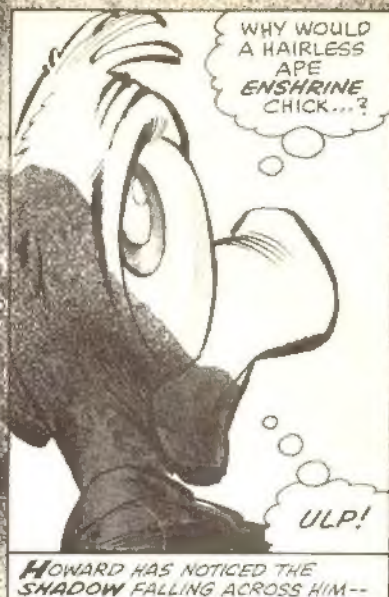
**STUFFED CHICKENS-- BRONZED
CHICKENS-- PAINTED CHICKENS...**
IT'S A REGULAR **POULTRY MUSEUM!**
IT WAS **KIN** I SMELLED!



DISTANT
COUSINS,
ACTUALLY--
NOT LIKE
THE CHICKENS
WHERE I
COME
FROM!



BUT...
WHY?



WHY WOULD
A HAIRLESS
APE
ENSHRINE
CHICK...?

ULP!

HOWARD HAS NOTICED THE
SHADOW FALLING ACROSS HIM--

--AND THERE IS NO MISTAKING
HE WHO CAST IT!

WELCOME TO
FAIRER FOWL FARMS!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF-- I AM YOUR
HOST...

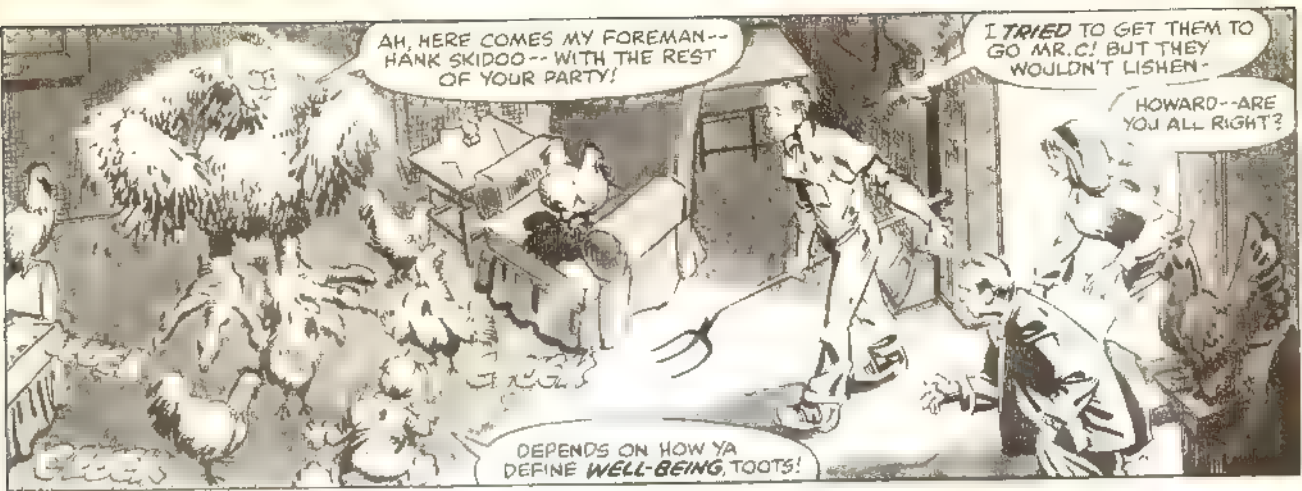
MR. CHICKEN!

WAAUGH



CLUCK
CLUCK

CLUCK
CLUCK



AH, HERE COMES MY FOREMAN--
HANK SKIDOO-- WITH THE REST
OF YOUR PARTY!

I TRIED TO GET THEM TO
GO MR. C! BUT THEY
WOULDN'T LISTEN--

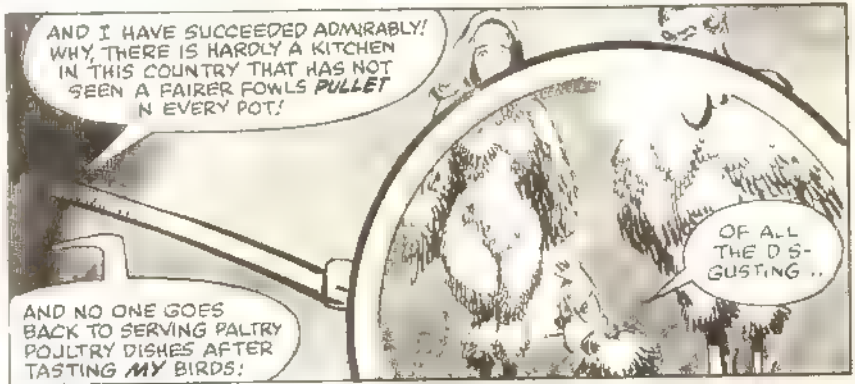
HOWARD--ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

DEPENDS ON HOW YA
DEFINE *WELL-BEING*, TOOTS!



HOW DOES ANY-
ONE DEFINE
WELL-BEING FRIEND?
I FOR INSTANCE
HAVE FOUND
FULFILLMENT

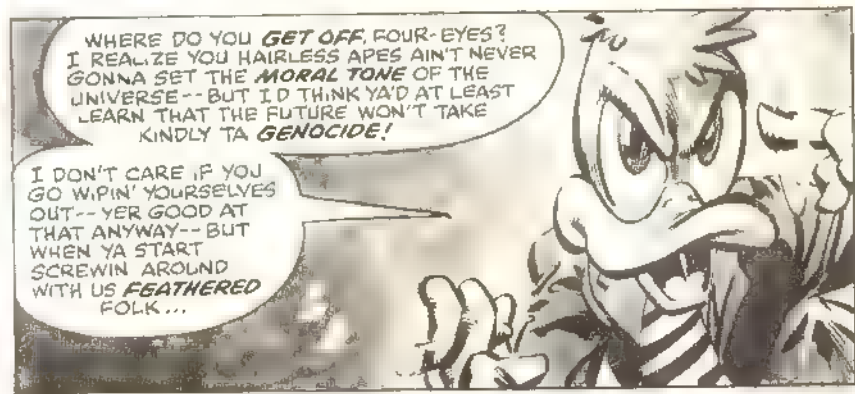
...IN THE BREEDING OF
THE MOST PERFECTLY
DEVELOPED *FOWL* EVER TO
BE SERVED UP TO AMERICA'S
DINNER TABLES



AND I HAVE SUCCEEDED ADMIRABLY!
WHY, THERE IS HARDLY A KITCHEN
IN THIS COUNTRY THAT HAS NOT
SEEN A FAIRER FOWLS *PULLET*
IN EVERY POT!

OF ALL
THE D S-
GUSTING ..

AND NO ONE GOES
BACK TO SERVING PALTRY
POULTRY DISHES AFTER
TASTING *MY* BIRDS!



WHERE DO YOU *GET OFF*, FOUR-EYES?
I REALIZE YOU HAIRLESS APES AIN'T NEVER
GONNA SET THE *MORAL TONE* OF THE
UNIVERSE-- BUT I D THINK YA'D AT LEAST
LEARN THAT THE FUTURE WON'T TAKE
KINDLY TA *GENOCIDE!*

I DON'T CARE IF YOU
GO WIPIN' YOURSELVES
OUT-- YER GOOD AT
THAT ANYWAY-- BUT
WHEN YA START
SCREWIN AROUND
WITH US *FEATHERED*
FOLK ...



HEH-HEH! HOWARD'S
SUCH A *KIDDER*.
S R OVERLY
OPINIONATED!
DON'T TAKE HIM
TOO SERIOUSLY!

BESIDES --
WE WERE
JUST
GOING!

GWAAK



I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T
BE GOING ANYWHERE
MY DEAR-- EXCEPT TO
THE *HENHOUSE!*

TAKE THEM,
SKIDOO!

YESHIR,
MR. C!

SQUINTING IN THE MUSEUM'S DIM LIGHT, HANK SKIDOO LUNGES AT HIS EMPLOYER'S COMMAND!

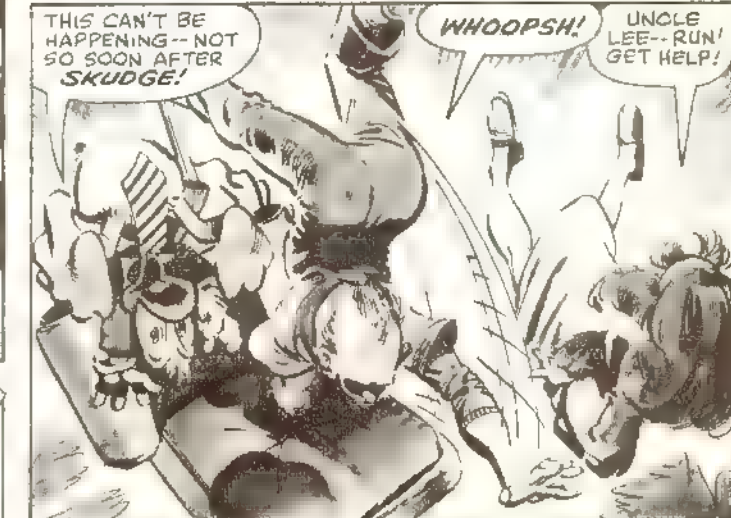


GOOD LORD--THE FRONT DOORS' BEEN SEALED SHUT!



WE'RE TRAPPED!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING--NOT SO SOON AFTER SKUDGE!



WHOOOSH!

UNCLE LEE--RUN! GET HELP!

WATCH OUT! YOU'LL-- WAAUGH MYSTOGIE!

CRASH!



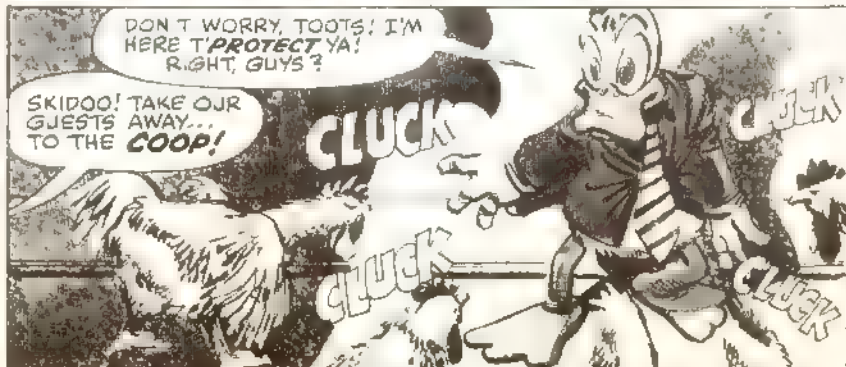
ESCAPED?! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD LET LOOSE THE HUNTING HENS-- BUT THEY'D NEVER FIND HIS SCENT 'N THIS RAIN!



AH--YEAH! I SEE! SHARP-- NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

H-H H HOWARD ...

DON'T WORRY, TOOTS! I'M HERE T'PROTECT YA! RIGHT, GUYS?



SKIDOO! TAKE OUR GUESTS AWAY... TO THE COOP!

ALL RIGHT, BEV HONEY-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE SOMEBODY'S GOTTA GO!

BUT I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU! I WON'T LEAVE MY BROTHER'S LITTLE GIRL IN THE LURCH! I PROMISE!

AT PITCHFORK-POINT HOWARD AND BEV ARE LED ACROSS THE RAINSWEEP FARMYARD-- PAST ROWS OF OMINOUS HENHOUSES FROM WITHIN WHICH COMES A HOPELESS CACKLING-- TO THE MOST FOREBODING STRUCTURE OF ALL... THE COOP!

NICE LITTLE PLACE YA GOT HERE, SKIDOO-- REMINDS ME OF A CONCENTRATION CAMP CALLED **DUCKSCHWITZ** THAT THE **RATZIS** SET UP ON MY WORLD DURING THE **GREAT WAR!**

YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG, MISTER DUCK-- THE PURPOSE OF THE COOP IS PURELY SCIENTIFIC!

UH OH DUCKY - I SENSE A SPIEL COMING ON

SEE, DUCKY-- WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

IT WAS NO SECRET TOOTS-- I HAD HIM SPOTTED AS A **GAS-BAG** RIGHT FROM THE START!

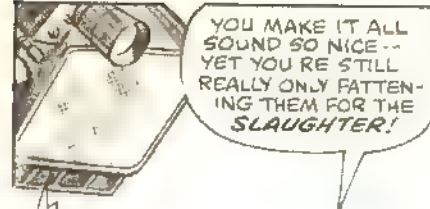
YOU ARE MOST PERCEPTIVE, MY DEAR-- FOR A **HEN!**

MR CHICKEN IGNORES HOWARD AND THE RADIO-SERMON CONTINUES...

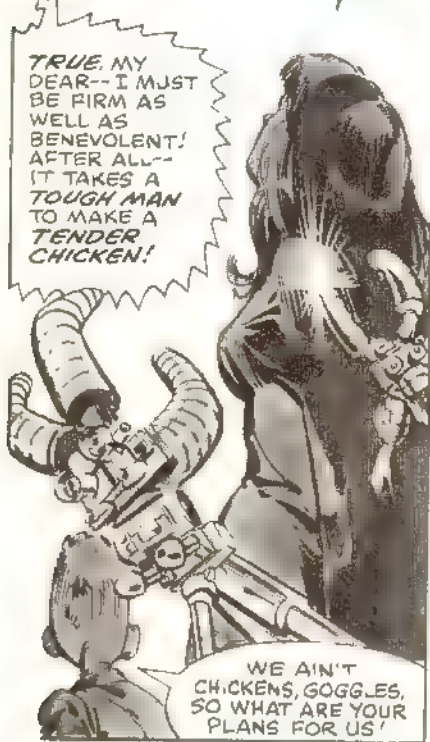
"THE **COOP** IS THE END RESULT OF YEARS OF RESEARCH! I DISCOVERED THAT THE AMERICAN PUBLIC HAD GROWN TIRED OF **BLAND** BRDS-- AND THAT THEY WOULD GLADLY **PAY** TO EAT ONLY THE BEST!

"AND THE BEST IS WHAT I GAVE THEM: MY CHICKENS ARE FED A SPECIAL **MIGHTY MASH** WHICH INCREASES THEIR SIZE. THEY UNDERGO **STEAM-TREATMENTS** TO MAKE THEM TENDER AND TASTY!

EGG PRODUCTION HAS QUADRUPLED THANKS TO AN **INCENTIVE** PROGRAM! HENS LAY TO PIPED-IN **MUZAK**-- AND THOSE WHO EXCEED 350 EGGS PER ANNUM ARE TREATED TO A MONTH'S VACATION IN FT. LAUDERDALE!"

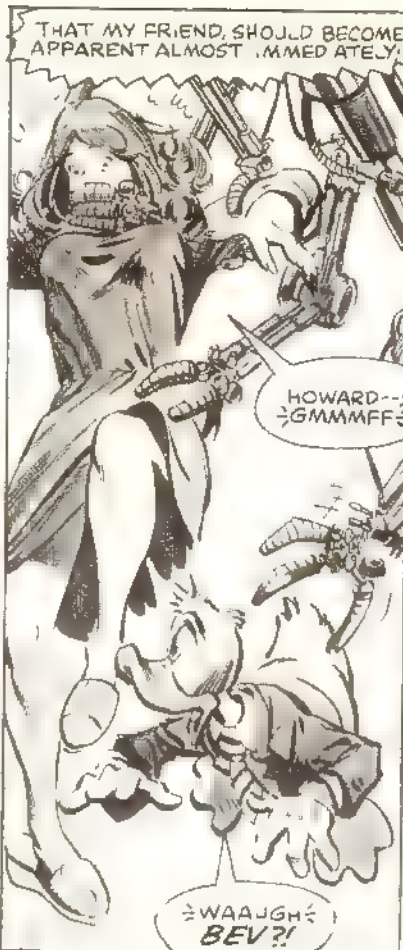


YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO NICE-- YET YOU'RE STILL REALLY ONLY FATTENING THEM FOR THE **SLAUGHTER!**



TRUE, MY DEAR-- I MUST BE FIRM AS WELL AS BENEVOLENT! AFTER ALL-- IT TAKES A **TOUGH MAN** TO MAKE A **TENDER CHICKEN!**

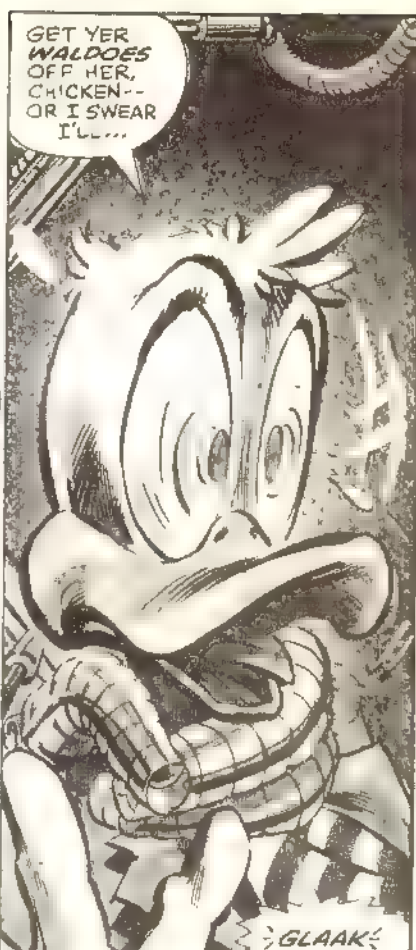
WE AIN'T CHICKENS, GOGGLES, SO WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR US?



THAT MY FRIEND, SHOULD BECOME APPARENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

HOWARD--! GMMFF

WAAJH BEV?!



GET YER **WALDOES** OFF HER, CHICKEN-- OR I SWEAR I'LL...

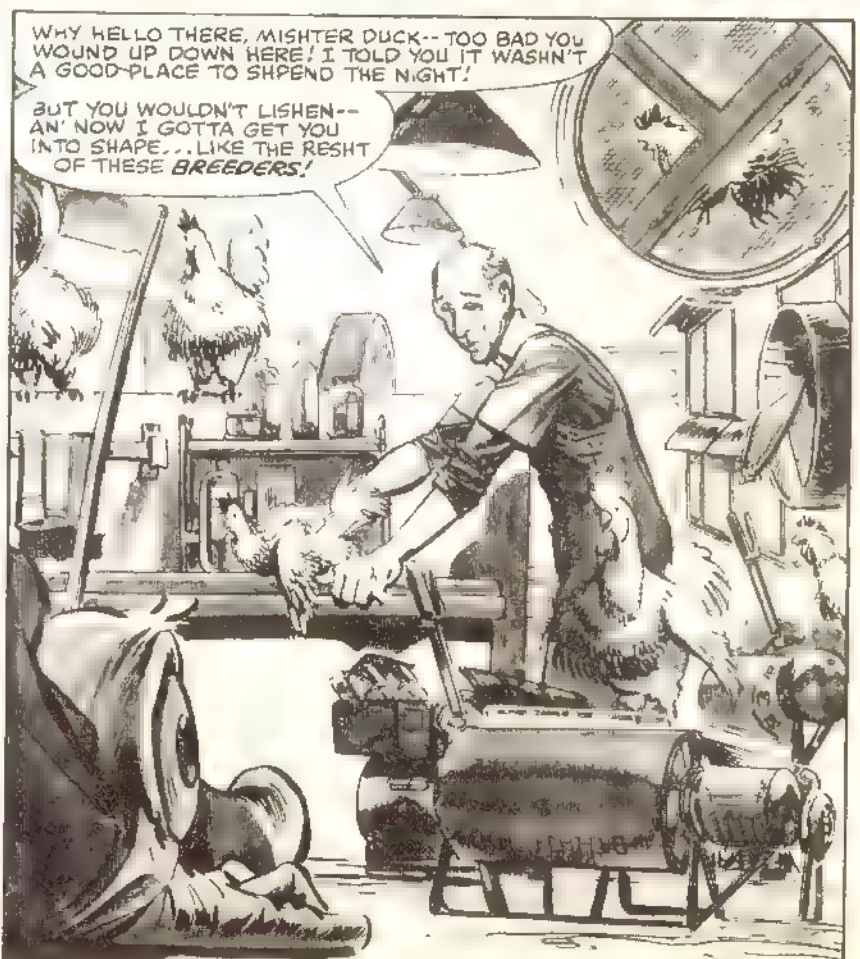
GLAAK



YOU WILL DO NOTHING, FRIEND-- EXCEPT JOIN YOUR BRETHREN IN THE **ROOSTER ROOM!**

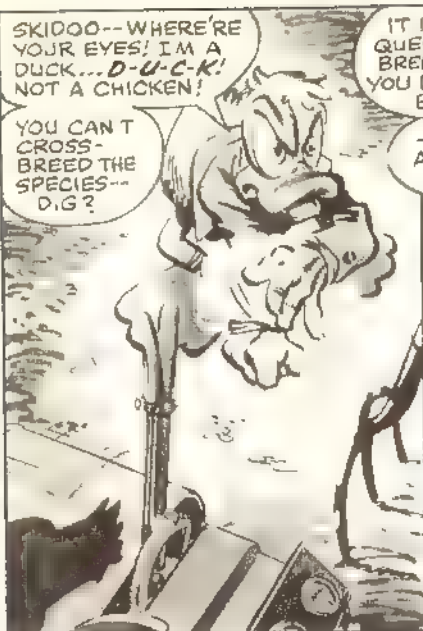
WAARK

SHRUMP!



WHY HELLO THERE, MISHTER DUCK-- TOO BAD YOU WOUND UP DOWN HERE! I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!

BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN-- AN' NOW I GOTTA GET YOU INTO SHAPE... LIKE THE REST OF THESE **BREEDERS!**



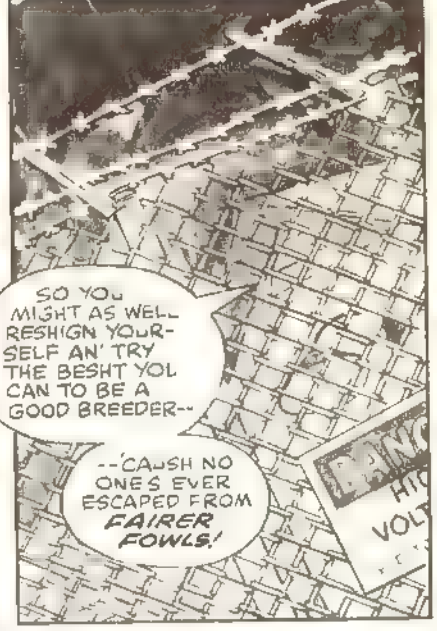
SKIDOO--WHERE'RE YOUR EYES! I'M A DUCK...**D-U-C-K!** NOT A CHICKEN!

YOU CAN'T CROSS-BREED THE SPECIES--**D.G?**



IT ISN'T MY JOB TO QUESTION! MR. C SAYS BREED- I BREED. F YOU DON'T WORK YOU'LL BE PLUCKED--

--AND SOLD AS GOOSE-DOWN!



SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL RESIGN YOURSELF AN' TRY THE BESHT YOL CAN TO BE A GOOD BREEDER--

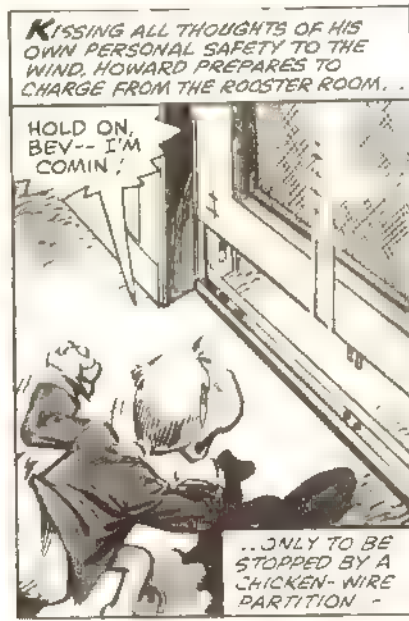
--CAUSH NO ONES EVER ESCAPED FROM **FAIRER FOWLS!**



B-BUT--WHAT ABOUT BEV! SHE'S NO HEN! SHE'S A--

EEEE

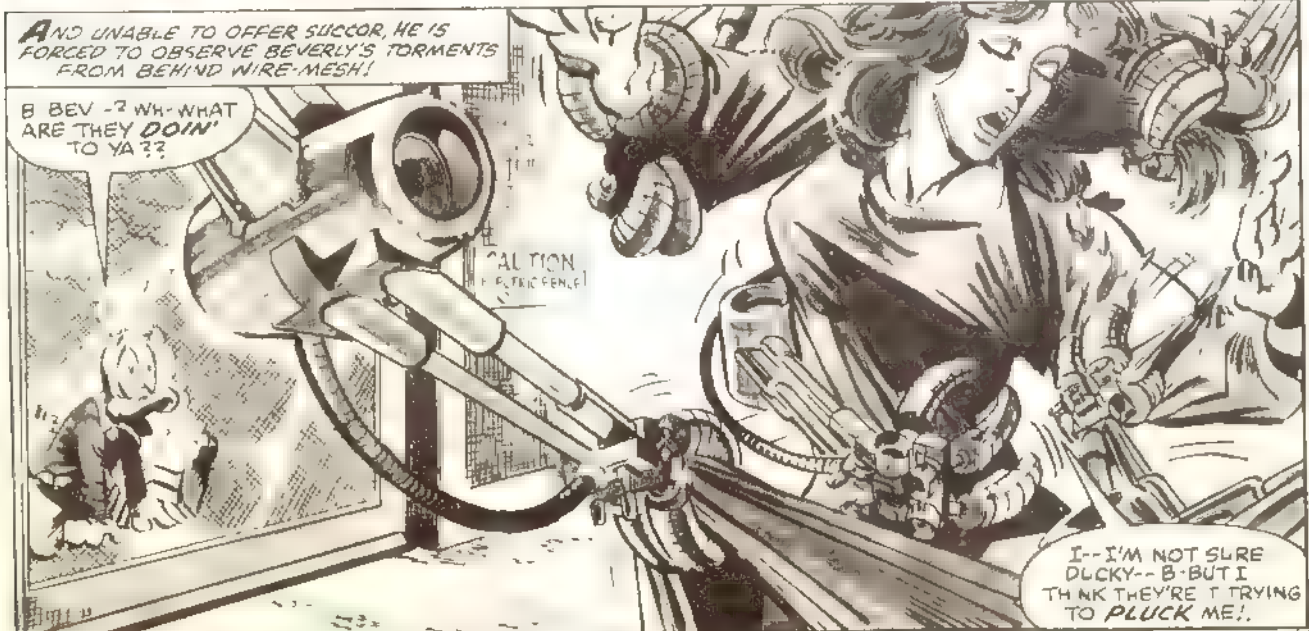
--HUMAN?



KISSING ALL THOUGHTS OF HIS OWN PERSONAL SAFETY TO THE WIND, HOWARD PREPARES TO CHARGE FROM THE ROOSTER ROOM.

HOLD ON, BEV-- I'M COMIN'!

...ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY A CHICKEN-WIRE PARTITION -

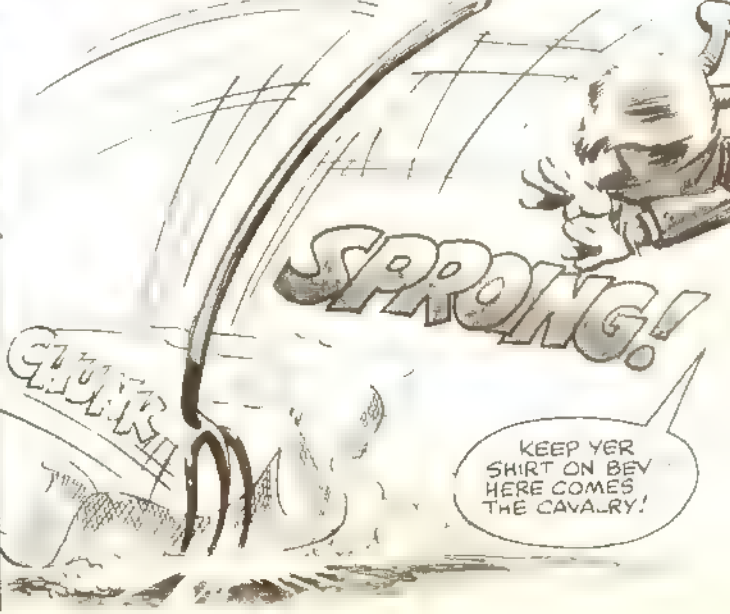
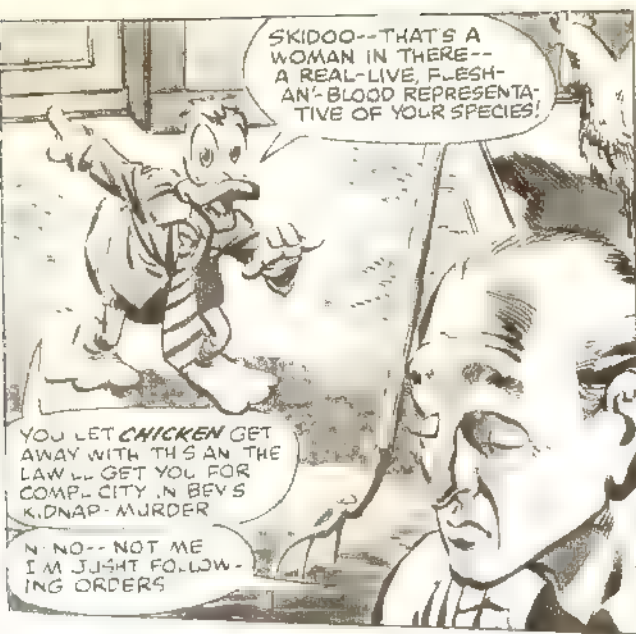


AND UNABLE TO OFFER SUCCOR, HE IS FORCED TO OBSERVE BEVERLY'S TORMENTS FROM BEHIND WIRE-MESH!

B BEV -? WH-WHAT ARE THEY DOIN' TO YA??

CAUTION
ELECTRIC FENCE!

I--I'M NOT SLRE DUCKY--B-BUT I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO **PLUCK ME!**





I--I'M TRYING, DUCKY-- BUT I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY SAY IN THE MATTER! HEY--
--WATCH IT DOWN THERE!



MASHER!!

SKRAK!



SKAVAK!!

THIS IS LIKE SOME OF THE MODELING ASSIGNMENTS I'VE HAD.

COLD STUDIOS AND COLDER HANDS-- THE STORY OF MY CAREER!



AND, RUSHING TO HOWARD...

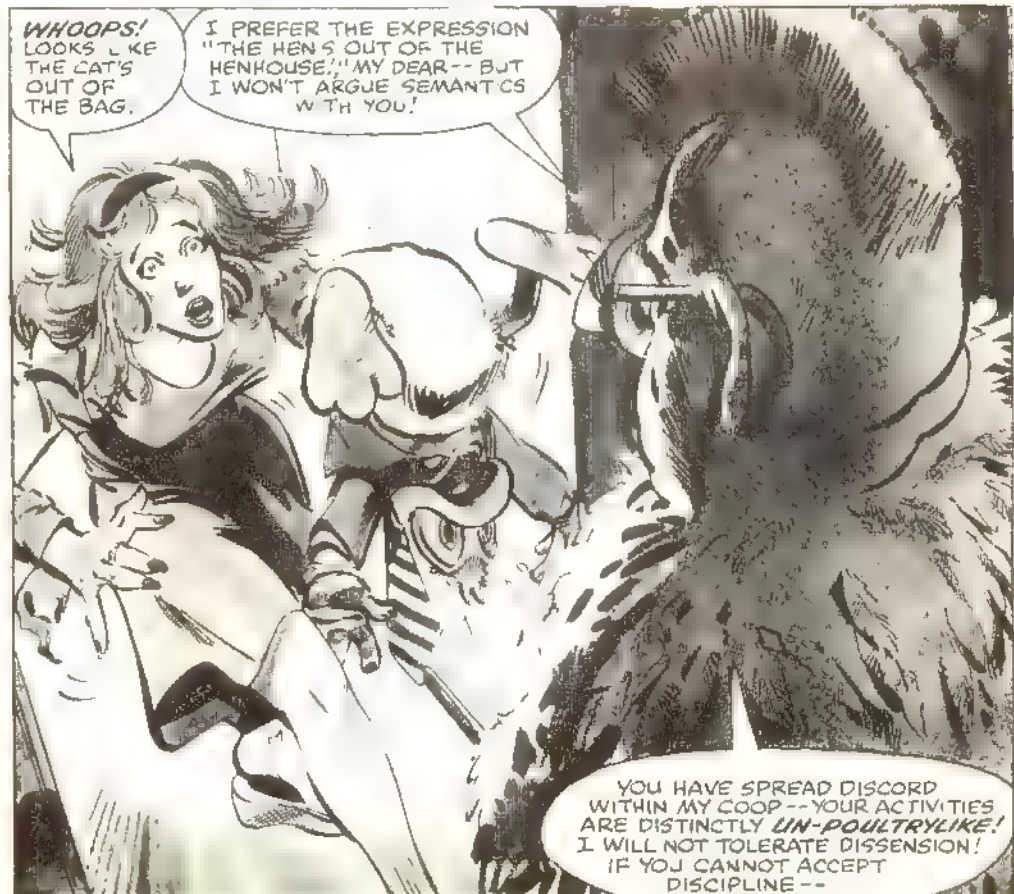
DON'T FEEL BAD, DUCKY--YOU TRIED TO HELP! IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS!



WAAKE

BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE MR CHICKEN DISCOVERS I'VE MUCKED HIS PLUCKERS!

EXIT!



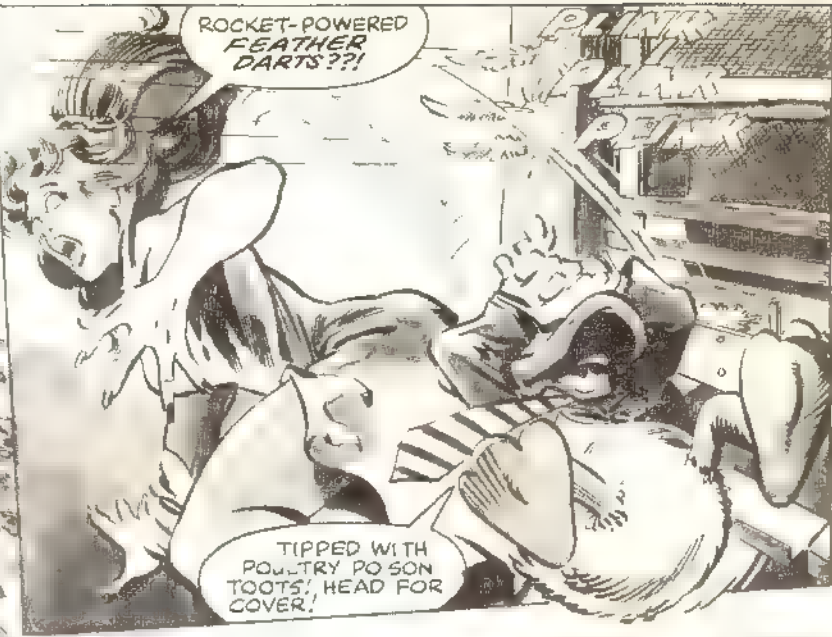
WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG.

I PREFER THE EXPRESSION "THE HEN'S OUT OF THE HENHOUSE," MY DEAR-- BUT I WON'T ARGUE SEMANTICS WITH YOU!

YOU HAVE SPREAD DISCORD WITHIN MY COOP--YOUR ACTIVITIES ARE DISTINCTLY UN-POULTRYLIKE! I WILL NOT TOLERATE DISSENSION! IF YOU CANNOT ACCEPT DISCIPLINE--



--YOU MUST
FORFEIT
YOUR
LIVES!

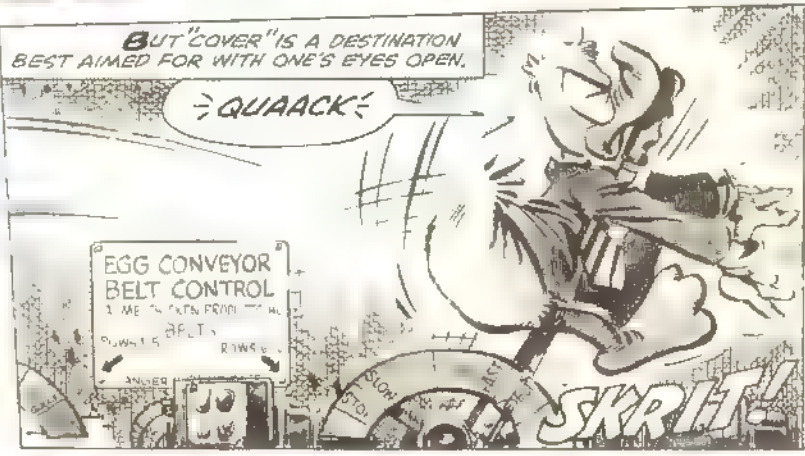


ROCKET-POWERED
FEATHER
DARTS??!

TIPPED WITH
POULTRY POISON
TOOTS! HEAD FOR
COVER!

BUT "COVER" IS A DESTINATION
BEST AIMED FOR WITH ONE'S EYES OPEN.

QUAACK



EGG CONVEYOR
BELT CONTROL
1 ME 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

SKRIT!



NO! THAT DOLTISH
DRAKE HAS ACTIVATED
THE EJECTOR
CONTROL OF MY
EGG CONVEYOR
BELT--SPEEDED
IT UP!

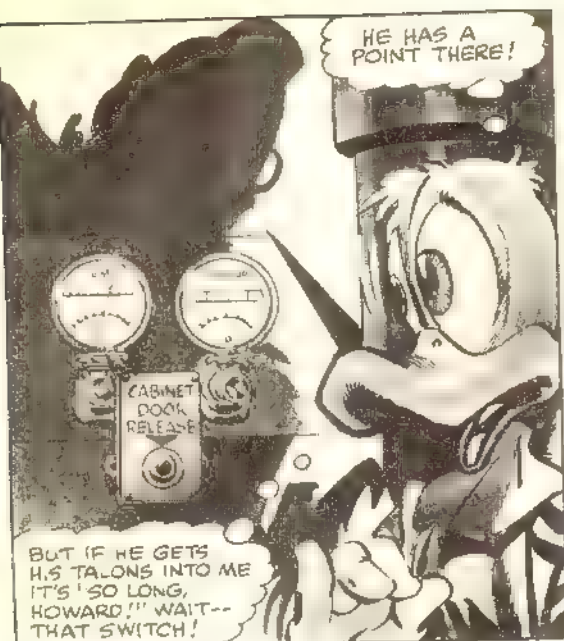
IT'S GOING WILD--PELTING
ME WITH MY OWN PRODUCE!

SPLAT! FFWIP FFWIP



BUT THE GRADE-A ASSAULT DOES NO MORE THAN ANGER
THE MALEVOLENT MR. CHICKEN...

I SEE YOU NOW FOR WHAT YOU ARE,
DUCK--A NONCONFORMIST--ONE OF
CIVILIZATION'S DISCONTENTS--UNABLE
TO SACRIFICE YOUR MEAT AND BY-
PRODUCTS FOR THE GREATER GOOD!



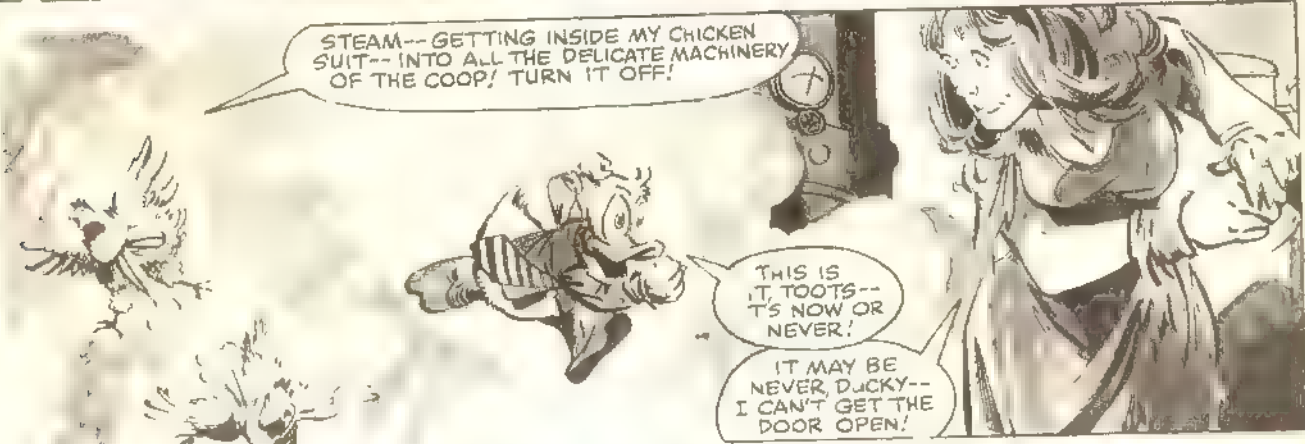
HE HAS A POINT THERE!

BUT IF HE GETS HIS TALONS INTO ME IT'S 'SO LONG, HOWARD!' WAIT-- THAT SWITCH!



N-NO!!

I'LL BET IT OPENS THE STEAM CABINETS!



STEAM-- GETTING INSIDE MY CHICKEN SUIT-- INTO ALL THE DELICATE MACHINERY OF THE COOP! TURN IT OFF!

THIS IS IT, TOOTS-- IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

IT MAY BE NEVER, DUCKY-- I CAN'T GET THE DOOR OPEN!

BUT SUDDENLY IT NO LONGER BECOMES IMPERATIVE TO SEEK ESCAPE VIA THE DOOR OF THE COOP.. FOR WITH A WHINE OF GEARS, A SQUEAL OF TIRES AND A CRASH OF BUMPERS AGAINST CORRUGATED STEEL



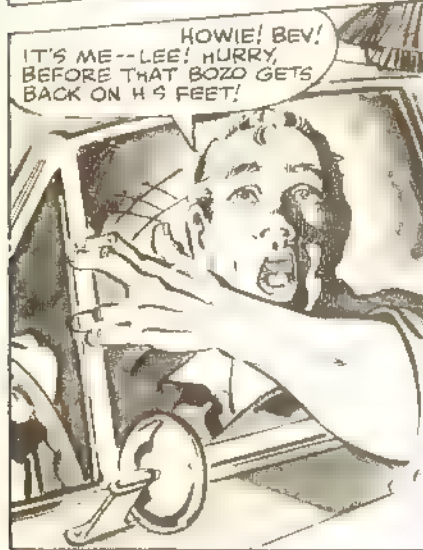
DUCKY WHAT-?:

ARMAGEDDON, TOOTS!

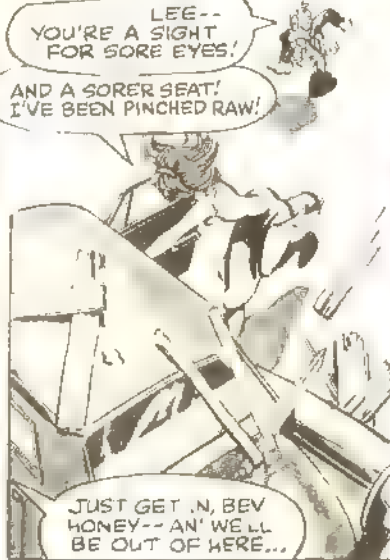
--ONE WALL OF THE COOP CEASES TO EXIST!

HEAVENS TO BETSY!!

KRASH



HOWIE! BEV!
IT'S ME--LEE! HURRY,
BEFORE THAT BOZO GETS
BACK ON H'S FEET!



LEE--
YOU'RE A SIGHT
FOR SORE EYES!

AND A SORER SEAT!
I'VE BEEN PINCHED RAW!

JUST GET 'N, BEV
HONEY-- AN' WE'LL
BE OUT OF HERE...



-- IN NO
TIME!

SKREE

DON'T
DAWDLE
DUCKY!

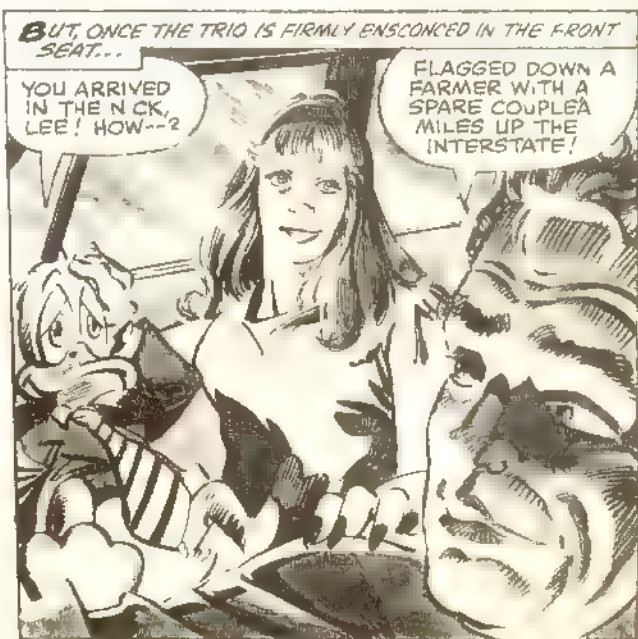
DAWDLE? I THOUGHT THIS
WAS CALLED CLINGING
FOR DEAR LIFE!



OH, HONESTLY HOWARD--
SOMETIMES YOU CAN BE
SO HELPLESS!

HOW MUCH
LONGER AM I
GOING TO HAVE
TO PULL YOU
UP BY YOUR
BOOTSTRAPS?

CHECK YER
ANATOMY, TOOTS--
YER A LITTLE
HIGH!



BUT, ONCE THE TRIO IS FIRMLY ENSCONCED IN THE FRONT
SEAT...

YOU ARRIVED
IN THE NCK, LEE! HOW--?

FLAGGED DOWN A
FARMER WITH A
SPARE COUPLE
MILES UP THE
INTERSTATE!

FAIRER FOWL FARMS

BUT WE CAN HASH OVER THE FACTS AFTER WE PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN US AN' FAIRER FOWLS FARMS!

SKREEEE

YEAH-LIKE THE WHOLE STATE!

AND, AMIDST THE DEBRIS OF THE COOP...

THEY THEY GOT AWAY. SK.DOO! ASSEMBLE THE HUNTING-HENS!

CAN'T DO THAT MIGHTER C' Y'SHEE, I'VE HAD MY EYES OPENED SHOME!

CLUCK CLUCK CLUCK

THERES BETTER WAYS TO RASE THESE HERE BIRDS THAN YOURS--MORE HUMANE WAYS!

S-SKIDOO WHAT ARE YOU D-DOING WITH THAT PITCHFORK!?

TO PARAPHRASHE YOU, SHIR--IT TAKES A TOUGH MAN T'TAKE A TOUGHER CHICKEN!

THE AGRIBUSINESS SECTION OF TOMORROW'S PAPERS WILL ONLY BRIEFLY MENTION A CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP AT FAIRER FOWL FARMS... AND THERE WILL BE NO MENTION OF THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PREVIOUS OWNER!

LIFE IS CHEAP IN THE COUNTRY AND RURAL MURDERS ARE RARELY SOLVED.

EUREKA - WE'VE MADE IT. HOME SWEET CLEVELAND!!

BUT THAT'S OF LITTLE CONCERN TO THE TIRED TRIO NOW CROSSING THE NIGHT-LIT CUYAHOGA RIVER! FOR THEM IT IS THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY--A TIME OF REST--OF REUNION--BEST SUMMED UP IN THESE INSPIRED WORDS OF OUR HERO, HOWARD THE DUCK.

INTERLUDE: BUT THE WILD EXHILARATION PROMPTED BY THEIR ESCAPE THE NIGHT BEFORE FROM FAIRER FOWLS FARM WANES AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE OUTSKIRTS OF CLEVELAND! AS THE GAS TANK INDICATOR HOVERS PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO ZERO IT IS A TIRED, HUNGRY, PENNILESS TRIO THAT EMERGES FROM LEE SWITZLER'S CAR INTO THE GREY LIGHT OF MORNING!

(YAWN!)
WHAT'S THE MATTER,
UNCLE LEE? WHY'VE
WE STOPPED? DID WE
RUN OUT OF GAS?

NOPE, BEV HONEY!
WE'VE ARRIVED AT
OUR DESTINATION!
WELL, KIDS-- WHAT
DO YOU THINK OF
HER?

WHAT DO
WE THINK
OF WHAT
UNCLE
LEE??

TO HACK AND BACK
TAXI GARAGE

I THINK WE'RE
BOTH MISSIN' SOME-
THIN', TOOTS! MAYBE THE
LONG RIDE AN' LACK
OF SLEEP HAS LEFT US
TOO SHELL-SHOCKED
TA CATCH LEE'S
DRIFT?

HOW ABOUT
IT, LEE? CAN YA
AT LEAST GIVE US
A HINT WHAT WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
LOOKIN' FOR?



THIS IS THE DEAL I PHONED YOU ABOUT, HOWIE! I BOUGHT THIS TAXI GARAGE WITH THE DOUGH I GOT FROM SELLIN' MY NEW YORK DINER! *

YEAH, SO? I STILL DON'T GET IT!

* SEE HOWARD THE DUCK #21 - RICK

GEE, DUCKO, SOMETIMES YOU CAN BE AWFUL DENSE! I'M OFFERING YOU A JOB KID--HONEST-TO-GOODNESS EMPLOYMENT! A WAY TO PUT BREAD ON THE TABLE!

C'MON IN! MAYBE YOU'LL GET THE PICTURE AFTER I SHOW YOU AROUND!

I THINK I GOT THE PICTURE-- I JUST WISH I HAD AN ERASER!!

SOON IN THE GARAGE'S DIMLY LIT INTERIOR...

OH UNCLE LEE, HOW QUAIN'T! IT'S BEAUTIFUL-- DOES IT WORK?

DUNNO, BEV. IT BELONGED TO THE LAST OWNER!

YEH, HE ONLY USED IT WHEN HIS HORSE BROKE DOWN!

OH, HOWARD, STOP BEING SO NEGATIVE! YOU'LL GET ULCERS... IF DUCKS CAN GET ULCERS, THAT IS!

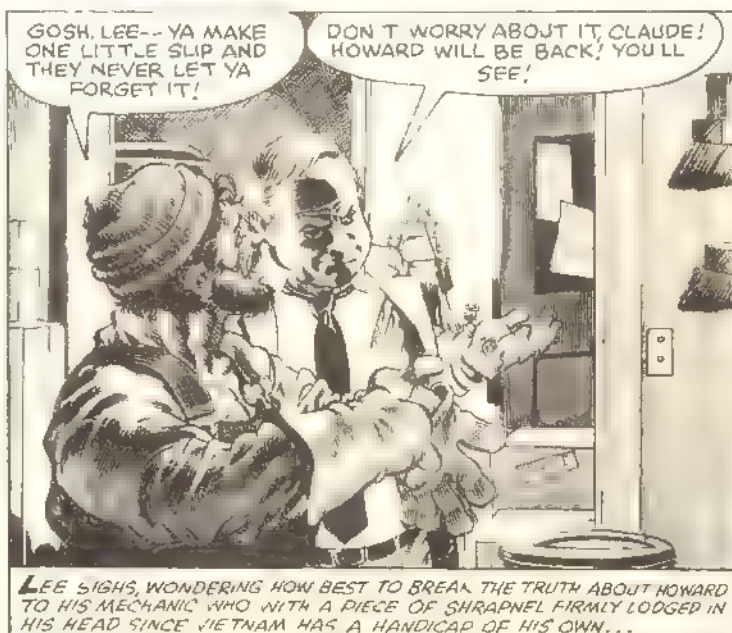
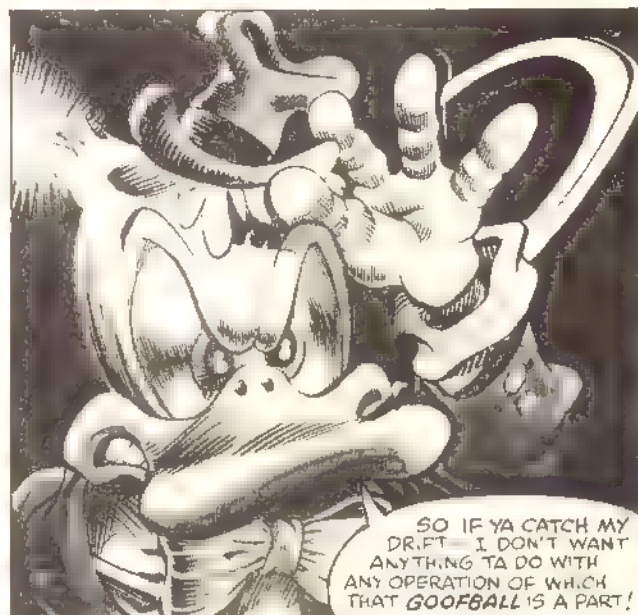
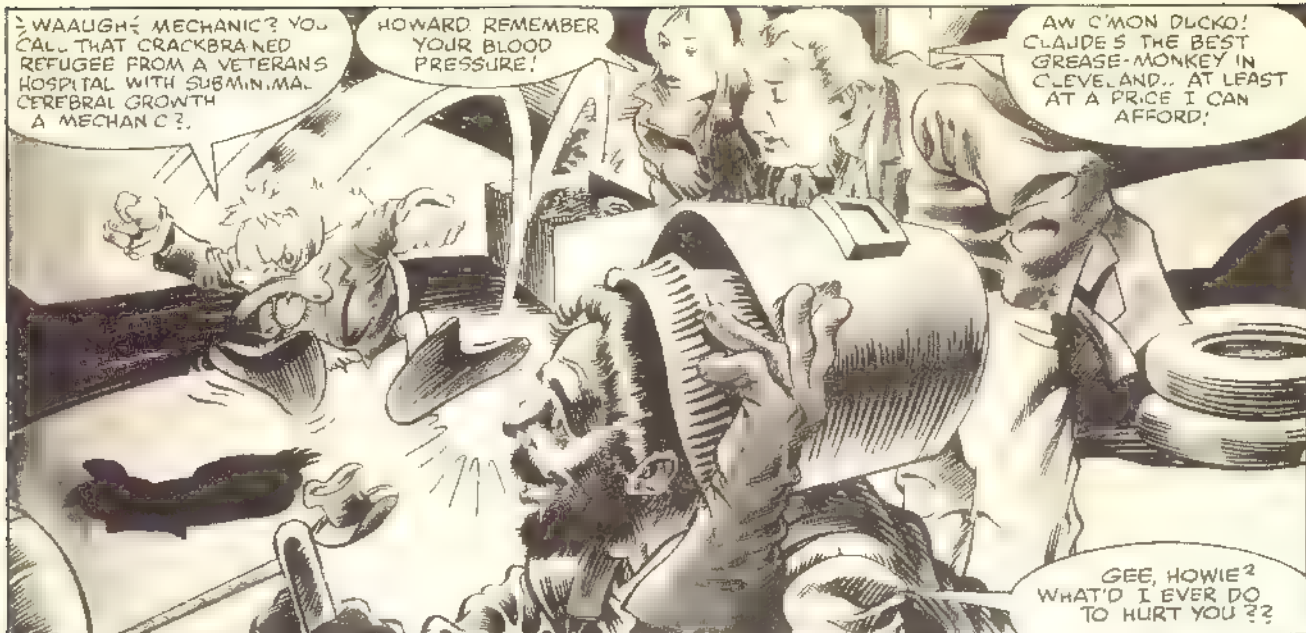
AH, HE'S JUST SKEPTICAL, BEV HONEY! I ADMIT THE PLACE IS SOMEWHAT ANTIQUATED, BUT I GOT ME A FIRST-RATE MECHANIC TO HELP GET IT BACK IN SHAPE!

YOU ALREADY KNOW HIM, HOWIE... BUT BEV DON'T, HONEY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET --

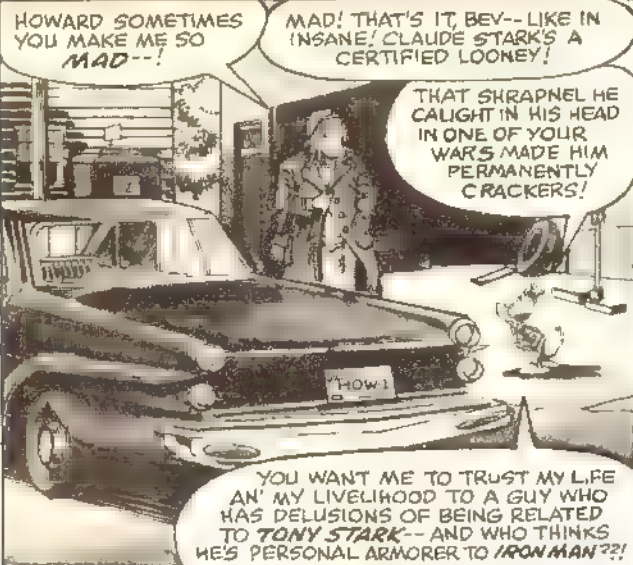
--CLAUDE STARKOWITZ! *

STARK, FOR SHORT! HOW DO, PRETTY LADY? HOWIE?

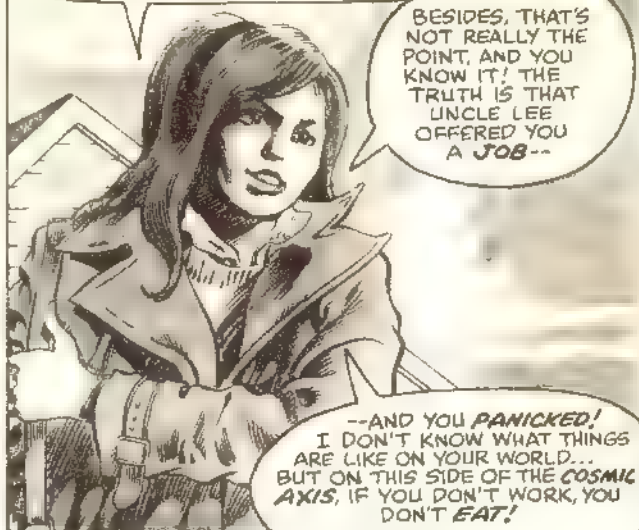
* LAST SEEN IN HOWARD THE DUCK #31 -- RICK.



...WHILE HOWARD THE DUCK TRIES TO EXPLAIN HIS OWN PERSONAL CODE OF ETHICS TO BEVERLY SWITZLER.



SO YOU'RE PERFECT? I MEAN, WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO DUMP ALL OVER CLAUDE'S ILLUSIONS? JEEPERS, DUCKY, IF A MAN CAN'T HAVE HIS FANTASIES... WHAT'S LEFT??



HAVING FLATLY REJECTED HIS FRIENDS, HOWARD FINDS HIMSELF ALONE ON THE STREETS OF CLEVELAND FOR THE SECOND TIME IN HIS LIFE! IT IS NOT A PLEASANT FEELING!

AND, WITHOUT BEVERLY AT HIS SIDE, HE IS EVEN MORE AWARE OF THE STARES AND JIBES OF THE HAIRLESS APES ABOUT HIM!

LOOK! A DUCK!!

JUST LIKE THE ONE WE HAD FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT!

HE TRIES TO IGNORE THEM, BUT HE IS CLEARLY OUTNUMBERED!



A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND--CLICHÉ, BUT TRUE! AN' IT'S MY OWN FAULT I'M ALONE AGAIN WITHOUT A THIN DIME TO MY NAME!

WELL MAYBE ONE THIN DIME!

WAAUGH! EVEN MY CURRENCY BETRAYS ME!

NO SENSE TRYIN TO PASS FOREIGN SILVER OFF ON THE LOCAL GREENGROCER-- UNLESS I WANNA SPEND THE NIGHT IN STIR AS A COUNTERFEITER!

NOW THERE'S AN IDEA! AT LEAST IN JAIL I'D GET FREE ROOM AN BOARD! NAH-- IT'D NEVER WORK!

LAST TIME I GOT ARRESTED IN CLEVELAND THEY RELEASED ME BEFORE I COULD EMBARRASS THE POLICE COMMISSIONER! YOU JUST DON'T ARREST DUCKS WITHOUT REPERCUSSIONS!

AS HOWARD MUSES FATE IN THE GUISE OF A FETID GUTTER STREAM, DELIVERS HIM FROM HIS DEPRESSION.

MAYBE THE WANT-ADS WILL OFFER A GOOD LAUGH! EH? WHAT'S THIS?

Cleveland Plain
DUCK HUNTIN
SEASON OPENS
THROUGHOUT
GREATER CLEVEL
TODAY.

W-WAAUGHH

LEE! BEV! CLAUDE! FORGIVE ME! I SEE THE ERROR OF MY WAYS! I'LL WORK-- DRIVE CABS-- MOP FLOORS-- ANYTHING! ONLY YOU GOTTA GIMME SHELTER!

THE HAIRLESS APES WANT TO KILL ME AGAIN!!

THUS DOES THE AD I MYSTICALLY PLACED IN THAT DISCARDED PAPER INSURE HOWARD'S CONTINUED PRESENCE IN CLEVELAND--

AND KEEP HIM WELL WITHIN MY GRASP!

UNWARE OF THE DARK NASTINESS BEING DIRECTED AT HIM BY THE FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS, HOWARD MOVES ON.

THE \$64,000 DESPERADO!

CHAPTER TWO

SO HOWARD WENT TO WORK SUBMERGING HIS PRIDE AND HIS PRINCIPLES, HE RETURNED TO LEE SWITZLER'S TAXI GARAGE, SIGNING ON IN AN ATTEMPT TO ADAPT TO THE CUSTOMS OF THIS WORLD OF HARLESS APES

BUT SURVEYING HIS FELLOW JOB SEEKERS THE NEXT MORNING IN CLEVELAND'S TAXI COMMISSION HE BEGINS TO WONDER WHETHER ADAPTATION IS POSSIBLE!

YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING IN GOING TO WORK FOR UNCLE LEE, DUCKY-- IN FACT, YOU'RE DOING THE ONLY THING!

HEY LADY, YOUR FRIEND HERE FOR A CABBIE LICENSE OR A PET LICENSE?

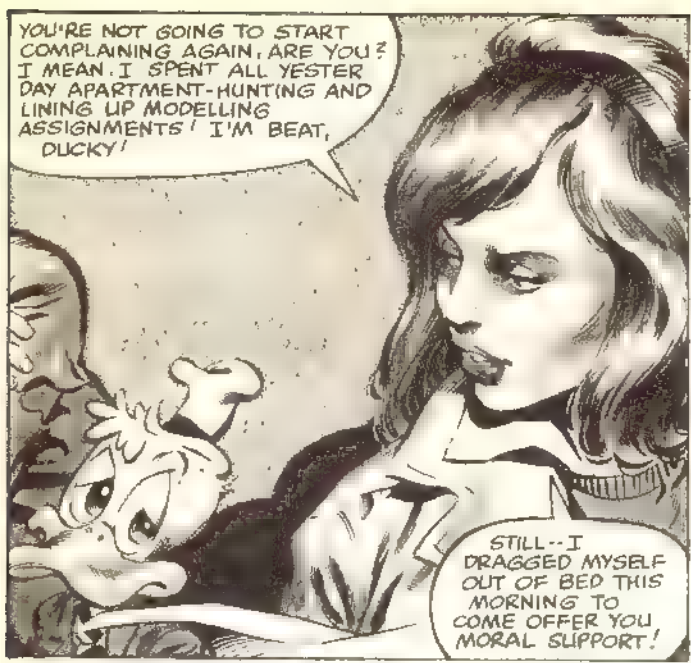
THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLIN' MYSELF, BEV-- BUT IT WOULDN'T STAND UP TO A LIE DETECTOR TEST!

OH, FOOT! I TYPED MR DUCK'S APPLICATION ON THE WRONG FORM HE HAS A DISABILITY, DOESN'T HE?

GRATEFUL THANKS TO MARK GRUENWALD FOR SUGGESTING THE VILLAIN OF THIS TALE
--RICK & BILL

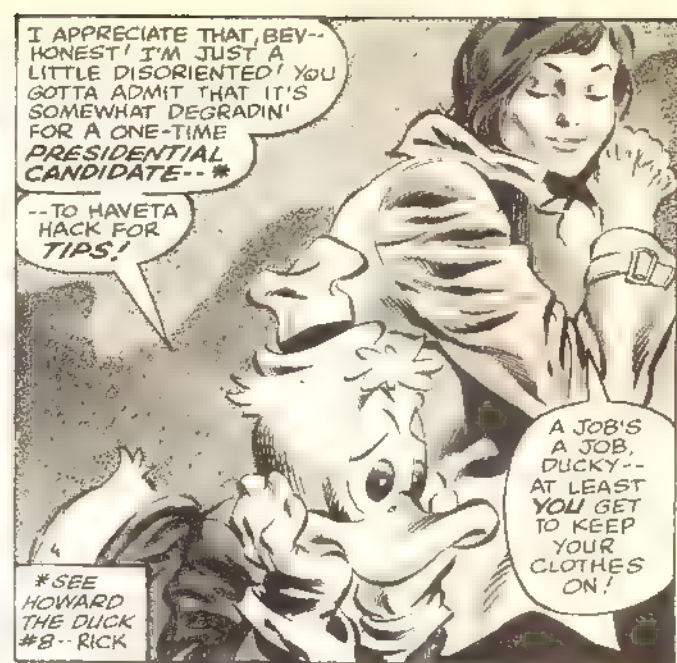
CLEVELAND
TAXI
COMMISSION





YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START COMPLAINING AGAIN, ARE YOU? I MEAN, I SPENT ALL YESTER DAY APARTMENT-HUNTING AND LINING UP MODELLING ASSIGNMENTS! I'M BEAT, DUCKY!

STILL--I DRAGGED MYSELF OUT OF BED THIS MORNING TO COME OFFER YOU MORAL SUPPORT!



I APPRECIATE THAT, BEV--HONEST! I'M JUST A LITTLE DISORIENTED! YOU GOTTA ADMIT THAT IT'S SOMEWHAT DEGRADIN' FOR A ONE-TIME PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE--*

--TO HAVETA HACK FOR TIPS!

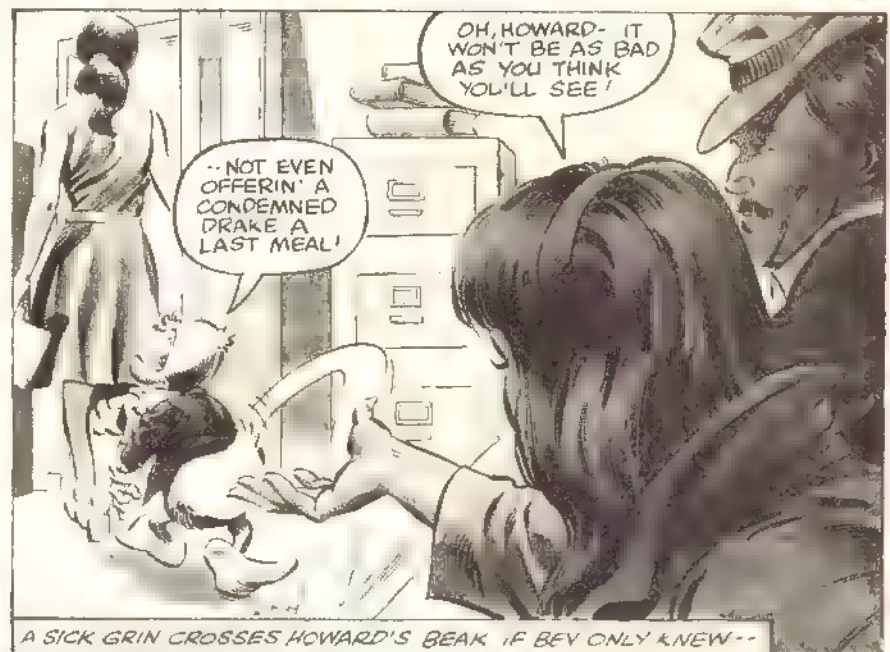
*SEE HOWARD THE DUCK #8--RICK

A JOB'S A JOB, DUCKY-- AT LEAST YOU GET TO KEEP YOUR CLOTHES ON!



MR. DUCK? YOUR APPLICATION'S BEEN PROCESSED TIME FOR YOUR TESTS!

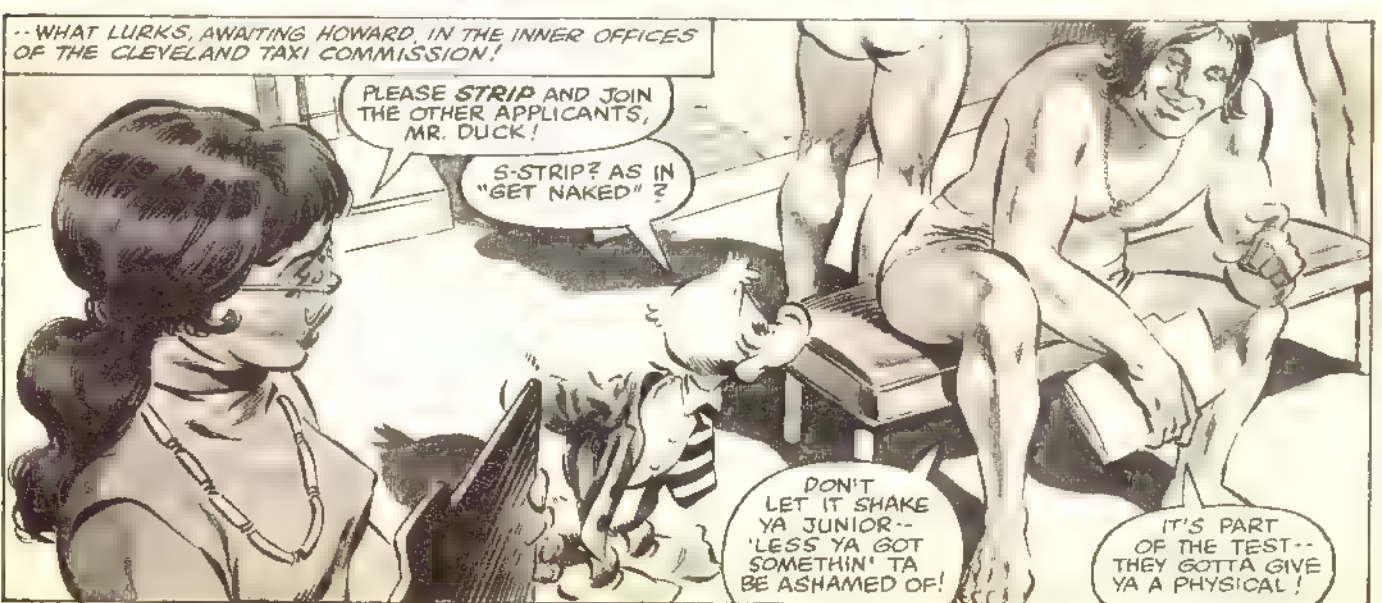
YOU HAIRLESS APES RUN A COLD, CRUEL WORLD, BEV--



OH, HOWARD-- IT WON'T BE AS BAD AS YOU THINK YOU'LL SEE!

--NOT EVEN OFFERIN' A CONDEMNED DRAKE A LAST MEAL!

A SICK GRIN CROSSES HOWARD'S BEAK IF BEV ONLY KNEW--



--WHAT LURKS, AWAITING HOWARD, IN THE INNER OFFICES OF THE CLEVELAND TAXI COMMISSION!

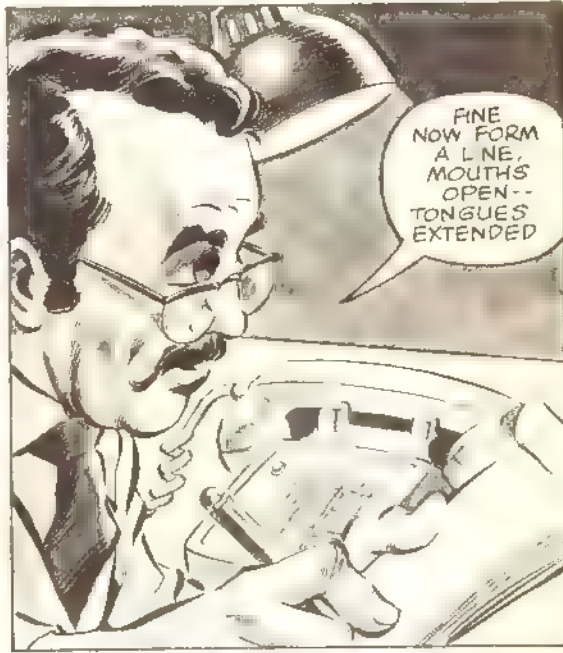
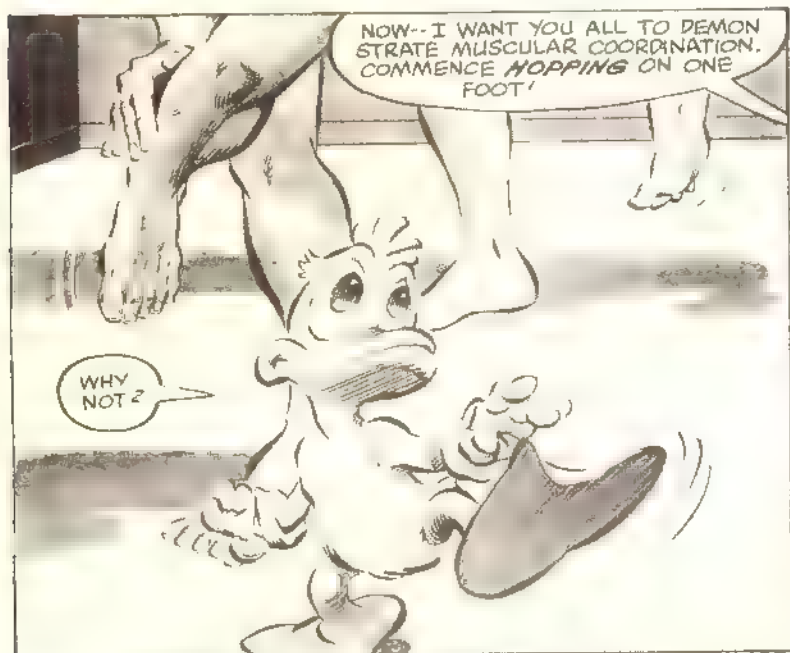
PLEASE STRIP AND JOIN THE OTHER APPLICANTS, MR. DUCK!

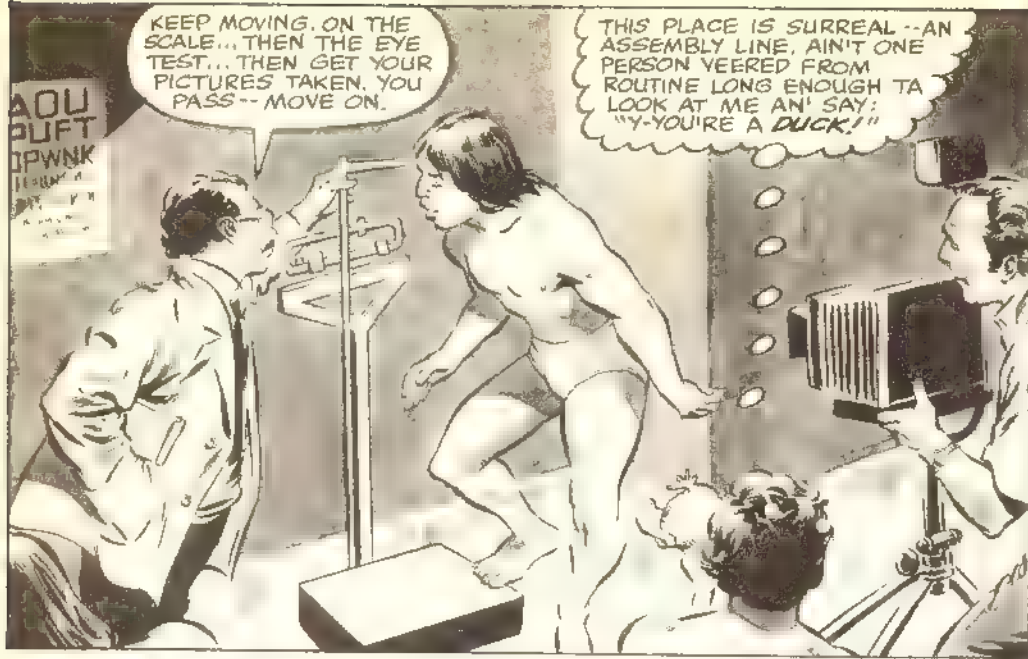
S-STRIP? AS IN "GET NAKED"?

DON'T LET IT SHAKE YA JUNIOR-- 'LESS YA GOT SOMETHIN' TA BE ASHAMED OF!

IT'S PART OF THE TEST-- THEY GOTTA GIVE YA A PHYSICAL!

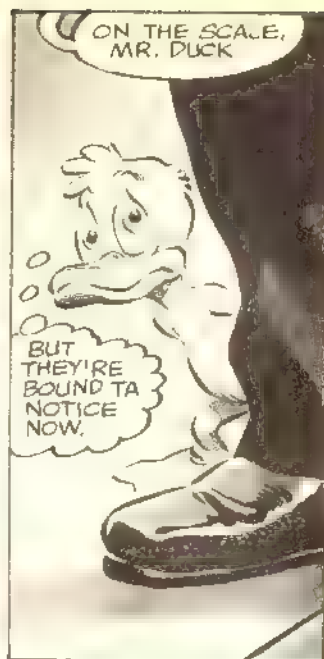
HOWARD JOINS HIS FELLOW APPLICANTS IN THE EXAMINATION ROOM.





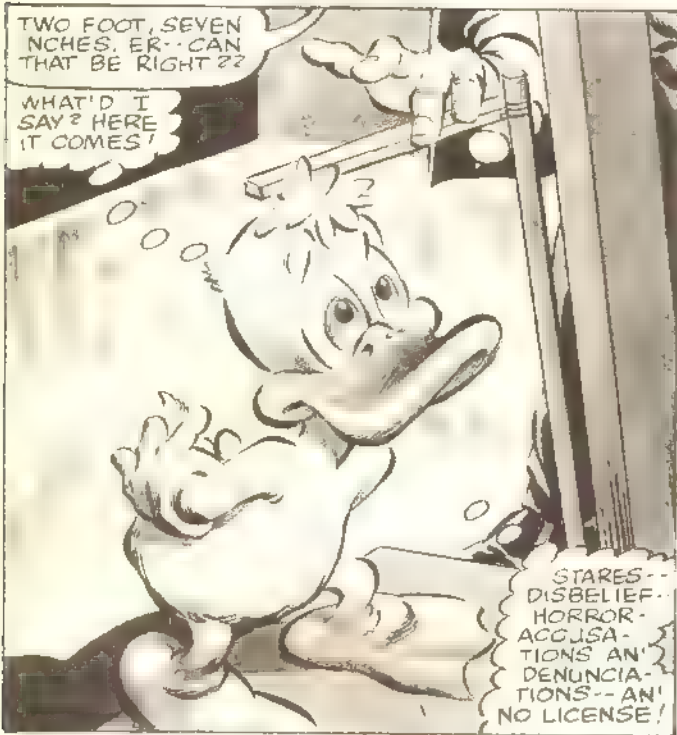
KEEP MOVING. ON THE SCALE... THEN THE EYE TEST... THEN GET YOUR PICTURES TAKEN, YOU PASS-- MOVE ON.

THIS PLACE IS SURREAL--AN ASSEMBLY LINE, AIN'T ONE PERSON VEERED FROM ROUTINE LONG ENOUGH TA LOOK AT ME AN' SAY: "Y-YOU'RE A DUCK!"



ON THE SCALE, MR. DUCK

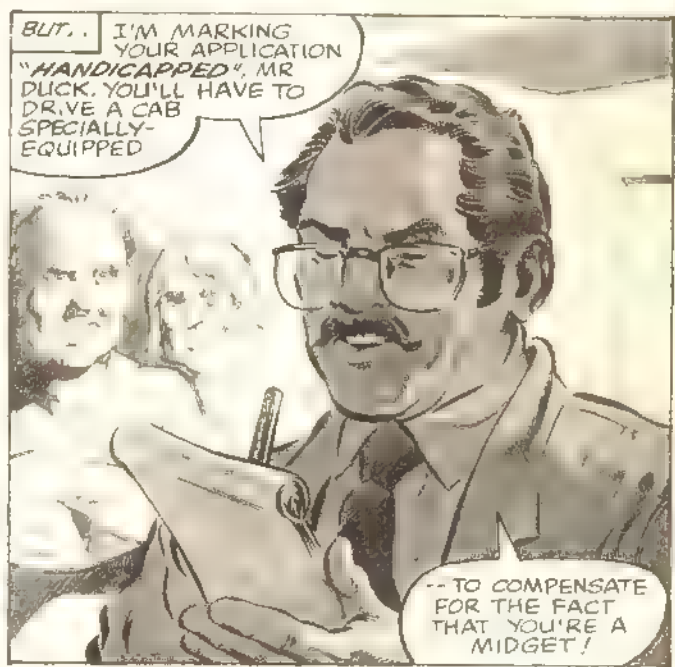
BUT THEY'RE BOUND TA NOTICE NOW.



TWO FOOT, SEVEN NCHES. ER-- CAN THAT BE RIGHT??

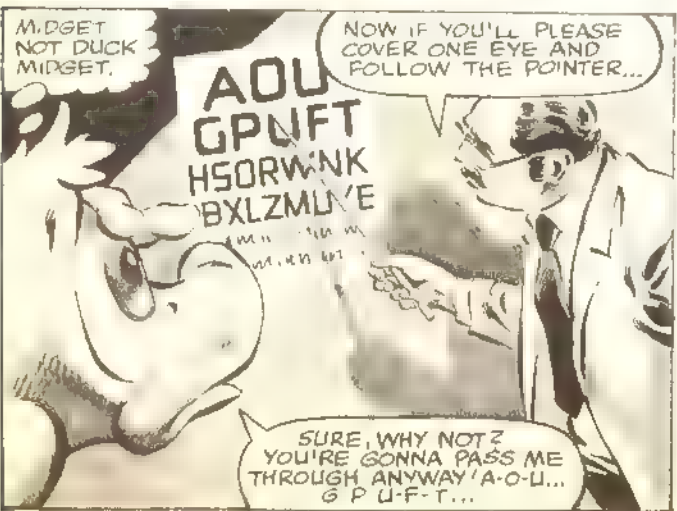
WHAT'D I SAY? HERE IT COMES!

STARES-- DISBELIEF-- HORROR-- ACCUSATIONS AN' DENUNCIATIONS-- AN' NO LICENSE!



BUT... I'M MARKING YOUR APPLICATION "HANDICAPPED". MR DUCK, YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE A CAB SPECIALLY-EQUIPPED

-- TO COMPENSATE FOR THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A MIDGET!



MIDGET NOT DUCK MIDGET.

AOU GPWFT HSORWNK BXLZMLVE

NOW IF YOU'LL PLEASE COVER ONE EYE AND FOLLOW THE POINTER...

SURE, WHY NOT? YOU'RE GONNA PASS ME THROUGH ANYWAY! A-O-U... G P U-F-T...

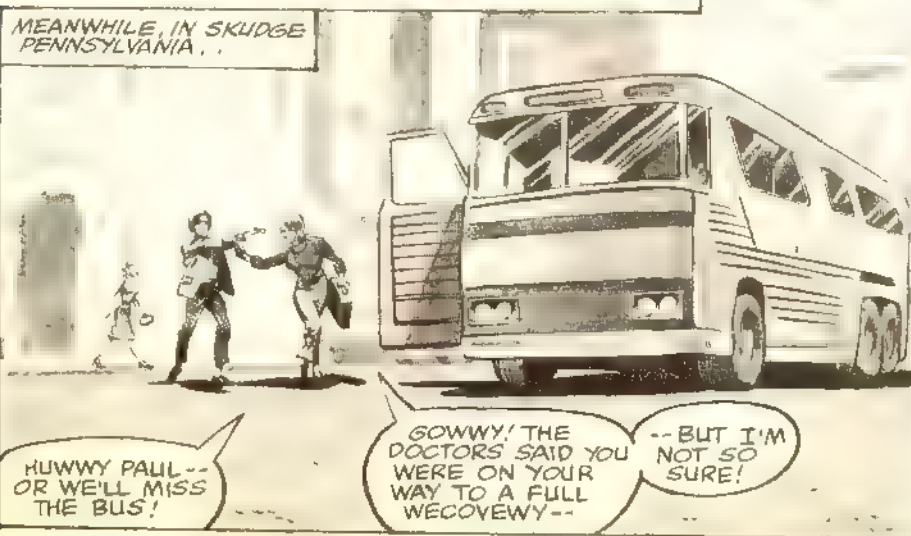
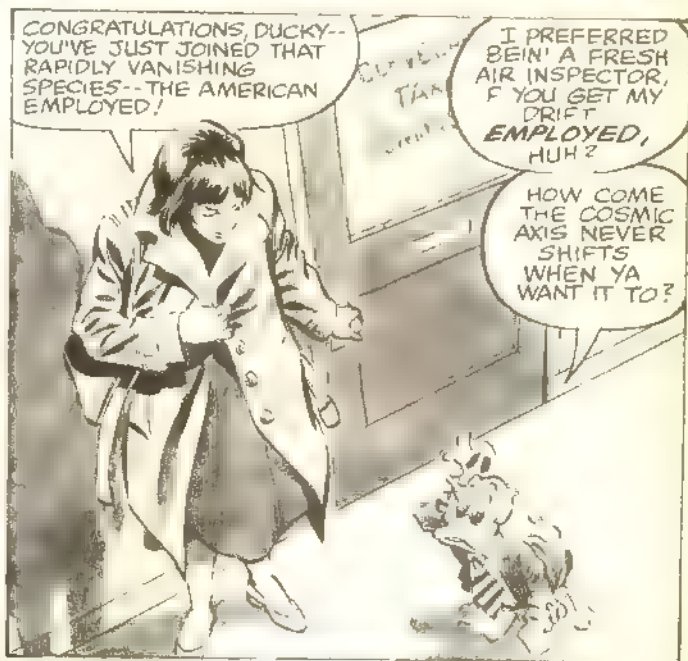


BUT AS HOWARD READS DOWN TO THE EYE CHART'S FINE PRINT...

H-S O-R--



-D-U-C-K-S M-A-K-E-G-O-O-D-E A-T...



MEANWHILE THOSE FRIENDS IN QUESTION ARE EMBARKING ON THE PATH OF RELATIVE NORMALCY THEMSELVES!

HOWARD
PASSED HIS
EXAM WITH
FLYING
COLORS,
UNCLE LEE!

I NEVER DOUBTED THAT HE
WOULD, BEV HONEY! DUCKO,
ME AN' YOU HAVE BEEN
EMPLOYER AN' EMPLOYEE--
PALS N' PERIL-- AN' NOW,
PARTNERS' WELCOME
ABOARD' AND MAY I SAY--

TO HACK AND BACK
GARAGE

GAS

LOOK, LEE-- I'LL DO
MY JOB WITHOUT
COMPLAINTS 'CAUSE
THAT'S THE PRICE I
GOTTA PAY FOR MY
EXILE TO THIS INSANE
WORLD OF YOURS..
BUT IN THE INTEREST
OF OUR FRIENDSHIP..
SPARE ME THE
SPEECHES, HUH?

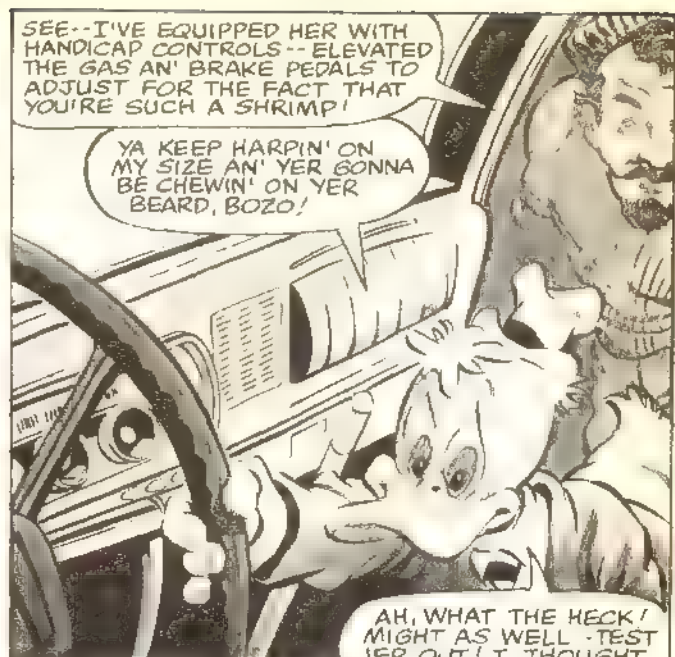
LOOK AT THE SPECIAL
CAB UNCLE LEE'S
HAD FIXED UP FOR
YOU, DUCKY!

ACTUALLY, IT'S ALL
CLAUDE'S HANDI
WORK, HOWARD!

THAT'S
WHAT I WAS
AFRAID OF!



NUTHIN' TO BE AFRAID OF, HOWIE--AIN'T NOBODY WHAT CAN SURPASS OL' CLAUDE STARK WHEN IT COMES TO CUSTOMIZIN' A CAB!



SEE--I'VE EQUIPPED HER WITH HANDICAP CONTROLS--ELEVATED THE GAS AN' BRAKE PEDALS TO ADJUST FOR THE FACT THAT YOU'RE SUCH A SHRIMP!

YA KEEP HARPIN' ON MY SIZE AN' YER GONNA BE CHEWIN' ON YER BEARD, BOZO!

AH, WHAT THE HECK! MIGHT AS WELL TEST 'ER OUT! I THOUGHT SO! JUST ANOTHER EMBARASSIN' INTERLUDE!

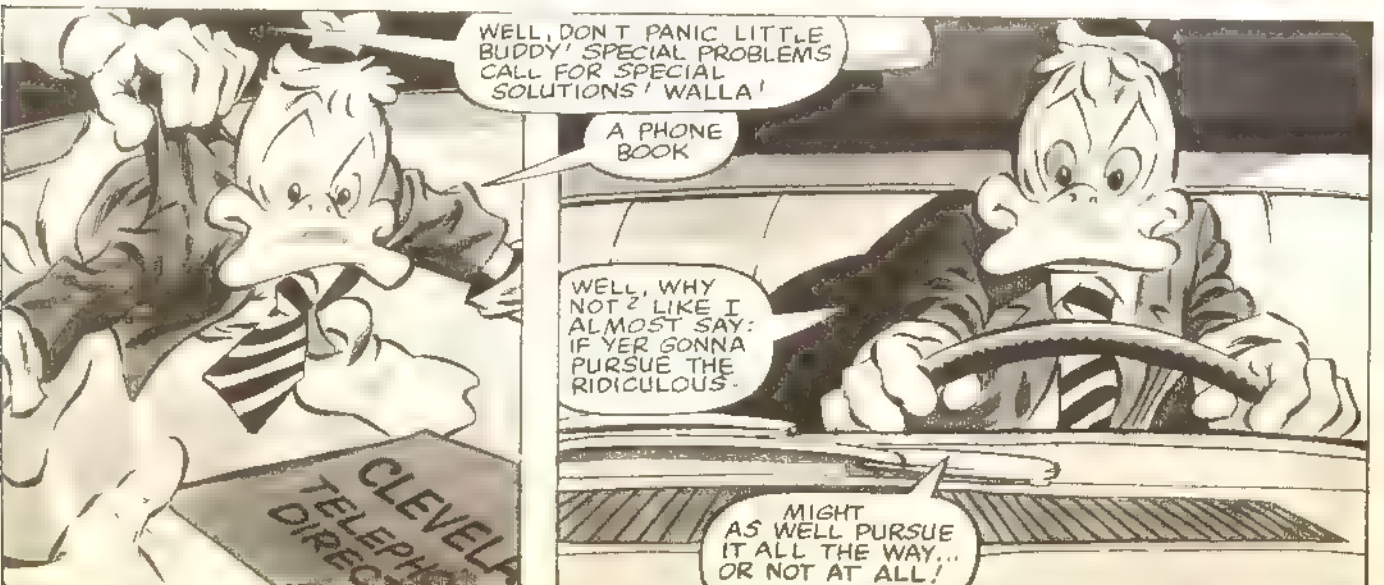


LOOKS LIKE YOU FORGOT SOMETHING, CLAUDE!

OH, HOWARD!

THE SEAT! I FORGOT TO PROP UP THE SEAT! AIN'T THAT A LAUGH, HOWIE?

YEAH--A REAL SCREAM!



WELL, DON'T PANIC LITTLE BUDDY! SPECIAL PROBLEMS CALL FOR SPECIAL SOLUTIONS! WALLA!

A PHONE BOOK

WELL, WHY NOT 2' LIKE I ALMOST SAY: IF YER GONNA PURSUE THE RIDICULOUS--

MIGHT AS WELL PURSUE IT ALL THE WAY... OR NOT AT ALL!

CLEVELAND TELEPHONE DIRECT

THEN HOWARD'S ORIENTATION BEGINS...

HERE'S THE METER AND DISPATCH RADIO -- YOU'LL BE IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH THE GARAGE!

WEAR THIS CHANGE BELT-- GUARD IT WITH YOUR LIFE!

AN' A CABBIE'S CAP HOWIE - GOTTA DRESS THE PART!

WAAUGH MY FEDORA!

NOW ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH CLEVELAND!

WHICH HE CAN DO WHILE HE DRIVES ME TO MY FIRST MODELLING ASSIGNMENT!

WHAT ARE YA GONNA USE TO PAY THE FARE W/TH, TOOTS? YER GOOD LOOKS?

NO, YOU'LL BE WORKING OFF YOUR HALF OF THE RENT ON OUR NEW APARTMENT, DUCKY!

SO LONG KIDS.

HOWIE SURE IS A PLUCKY LITTLE GUY-- FOR A MIDGET!

SIGH!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND OFFICES OF...

BETS-R-OFF RACE PROMOTIONS

B-BUT I TRIED TO GET CLEFT TO THROW THE RACE! HONEST!

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN EXCUSES, SLOAN! YOU PROMOTED THIS RACE-- AND YOU AGREED TO FIX IT SO MY MAN WON!

AN' I'M TELLIN' YOU THERE'S NUTHIN' I CAN DO - THE RACE GOT TOO BIG FOR A FIX!

SLOAN I ONCE BET AN ARM AND A LEG AGAINST A MAFIA CHIEFTAN THAT I COULD PULL OFF A HEIST BEFORE HE COULD!

I LOST THE ARM - BUT I MADE OFF WITH THE LEG AND THE LOOT!

--JACKPOT, THE ONE-ARMED BANDIT!

SINCE THEN I'VE LEARNED THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TOO BIG A GAMBLE FOR--



WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO - ?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? IT'S TIME TO -

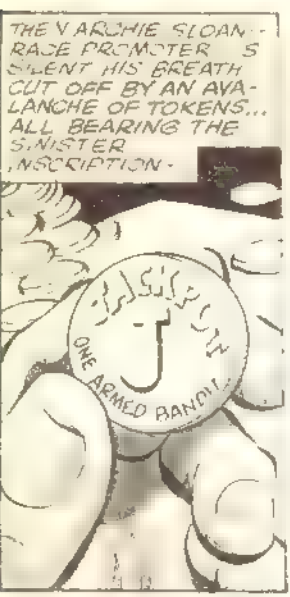


-- HIT THE JACKPOT!

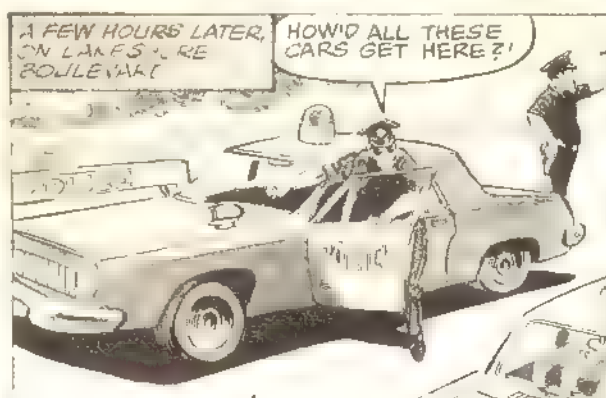
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



C-COVERIN ME! GETTIN HARD TO BREATHE--!



THE V ARCHIE SLOAN - RACE PROMOTER - SILENT HIS BREATH CUT OFF BY AN AVALANCHE OF TOKENS... ALL BEARING THE SINISTER INSCRIPTION -



A FEW HOURS LATER, ON LAKESIDE BOULEVARD

HOW'D ALL THESE CARS GET HERE?!

OUR BARRICADES HAVE BEEN MOVED ASIDE -- AS F SOME ONE DELIBERATELY WANTED TO SABOTAGE THE MARATHON!

YOU THERE GET THAT CAB OFF THE ROAD!

HOWARD-- IS THAT POLICEMAN YELLING AT US?

I DUNNO, TOOTS-- BUT HE'S SHAKIN' MY CONCENTRATION! CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHICH WAY TO TURN THE--



STAMPEDE

WHEEL...!

PUMP

THUD

JEEPERS!

TROD

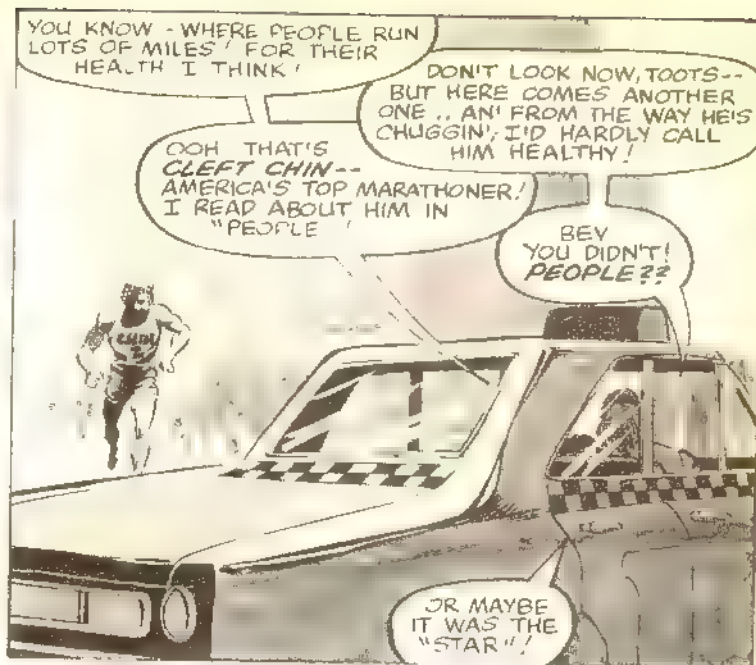
RUN



B B-BEV--
WH-WHAT
W-WAS
TH-THAT?!

I-- I TH-THINK IT W WAS
THE CLEVELAND MARA-
THON, D-DUCKY!

O-OH! WH-WHAT'S
A C-CLEVELAND
M-MARATHON?



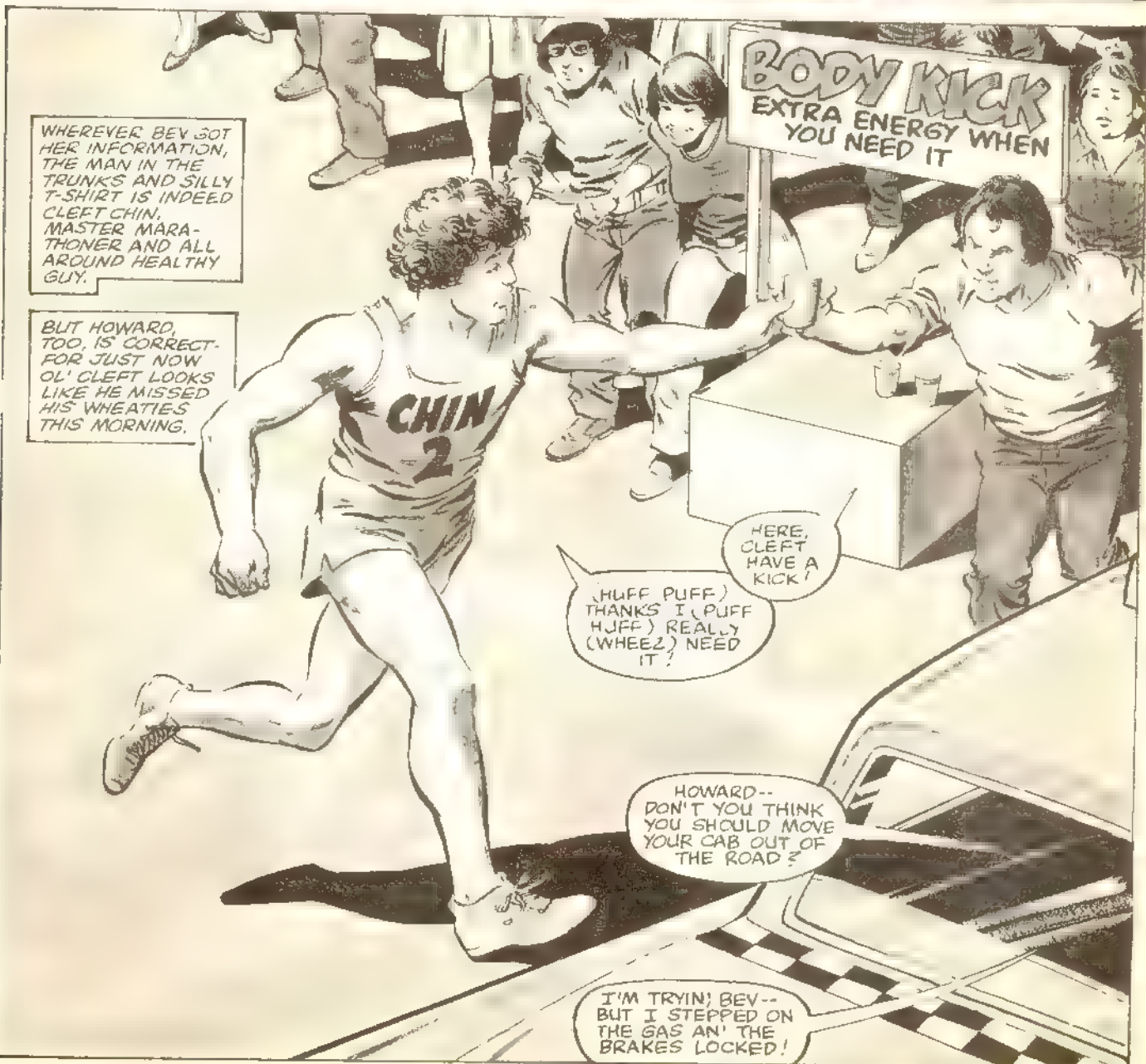
YOU KNOW - WHERE PEOPLE RUN
LOTS OF MILES! FOR THEIR
HEALTH I THINK!

DON'T LOOK NOW, TOOTS--
BUT HERE COMES ANOTHER
ONE .. AN' FROM THE WAY HE'S
CHUGGIN', I'D HARDLY CALL
HIM HEALTHY!

O-OH THAT'S
CLEFT CHIN--
AMERICA'S TOP MARATHONER!
I READ ABOUT HIM IN
"PEOPLE"

BEV
YOU DIDN'T!
PEOPLE??

OR MAYBE
IT WAS THE
"STAR"!



WHEREVER BEV GOT
HER INFORMATION,
THE MAN IN THE
TRUNKS AND SILLY
T-SHIRT IS INDEED
CLEFT CHIN,
MASTER MARA-
THONER AND ALL
AROUND HEALTHY
GUY.

BUT HOWARD,
TOO, IS CORRECT.
FOR JUST NOW
OL' CLEFT LOOKS
LIKE HE MISSED
HIS WHEATIES
THIS MORNING.

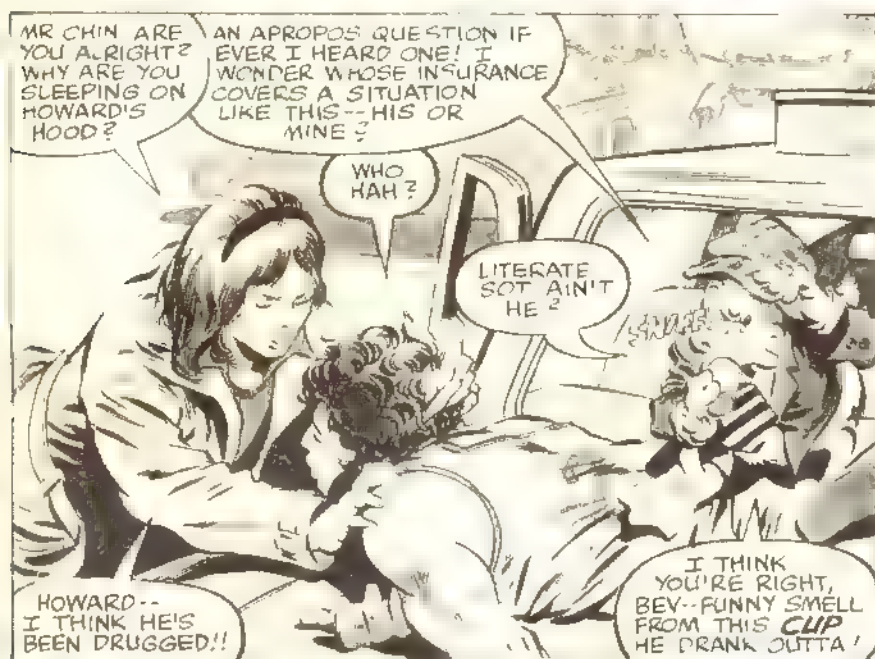
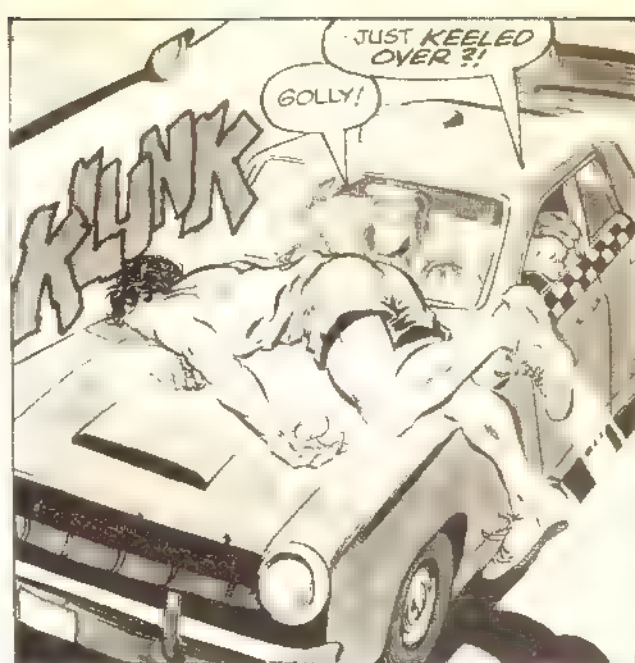
BODY KICK
EXTRA ENERGY WHEN
YOU NEED IT

HERE,
CLEFT
HAVE A
KICK!

(HUFF PUFF)
THANKS I (PUFF
HUFF) REALLY
(WHEEZ) NEED
IT!

HOWARD--
DON'T YOU THINK
YOU SHOULD MOVE
YOUR CAB OUT OF
THE ROAD?

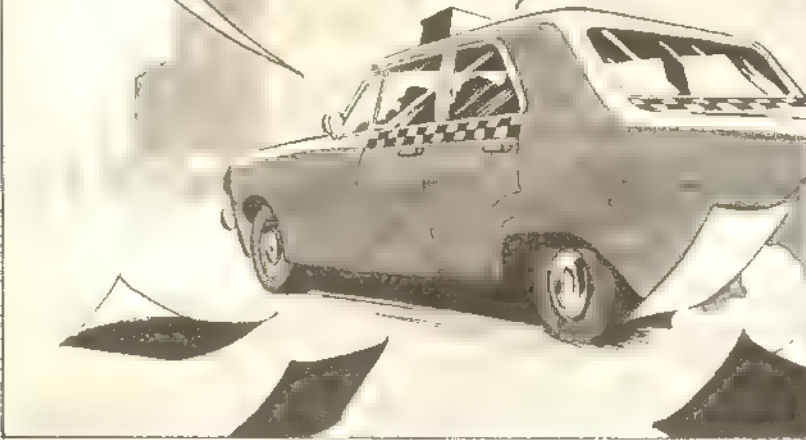
I'M TRYIN' BEV--
BUT I STEPPED ON
THE GAS AN' THE
BRAKES LOCKED!



NOT POSSESSING POWERS OF CLAIRVYANCE, BEVERLY MERCI FULLY MISSES JACKPOT'S UNSPOKEN IMPRECATION--WHILE HOWARD'S CAB, BEARING THE STRICKEN RUNNER, CATCHES UP WITH THE CLEVELAND MARATHONERS

THERE THEY ARE, TOOTS! NOW WHAT?

TAKE A SIDE-STREET AND CUT AHEAD OF THEM, HOWARD!



WE'RE GOING TO HELP CLEFT FINISH WHERE HE BELONGS AT THE FRONT OF THE PACK!

FRONT OF THE PACK! (GNORT WHEEZ) HOO-HAA!

I CAN'T TELL IF THIS GUY'S DRUGGED--OR EUPHORIC!



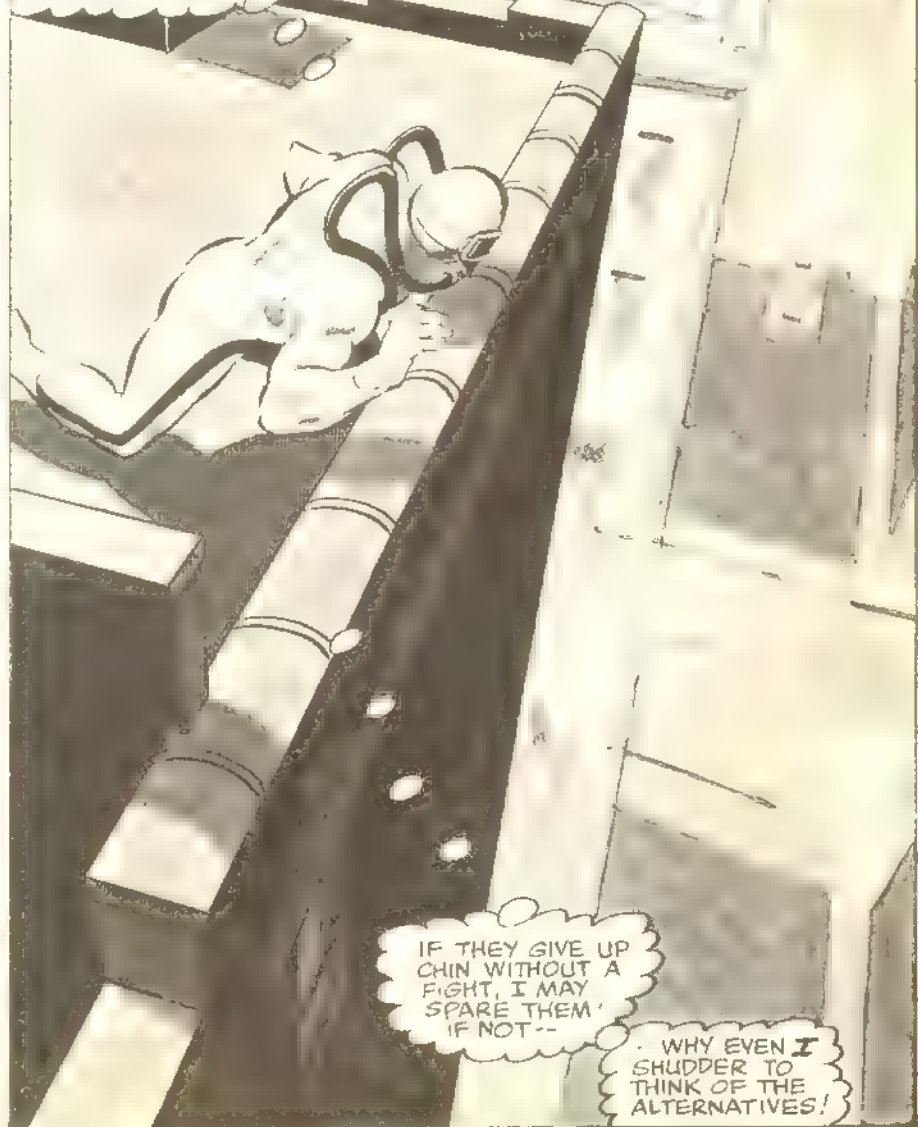
BUT IF HE DON'T UNGLUE HIS EYES FROM YER MAMMARIES, I'LL--!

MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE "BEST LOCATION IN THE NATION" ALSO KNOWN AS CLEVELAND...



THAT CABBIE INTENDS TO HELP CHIN WIN! I CANNOT ALLOW IT-- THE STAKE'S ARE TOO HIGH! ALL MY MONEY'S RIDING ON FARRELL-- THE NUMBER TWO RUNNER!

HERE IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT WHOSE SIDE STREETS THEY HAVE CHOSEN TO DETOUR THROUGH-- I WILL CUT THEM OFF



IF THEY GIVE UP CHIN WITHOUT A FIGHT, I MAY SPARE THEM' IF NOT--

WHY EVEN I SHUDDER TO THINK OF THE ALTERNATIVES!

LEAPING DOWN TO THE STREET, JACKPOT CONFRONTS THE ONCOMING TAXI CAB...

GREETINGS, INTER-LOPERS! I WISH THIS **CHANCE** ENCOUNTER COULD BE MORE CHEERY--

-- BUT YOU HAVE SOMETHING I WANT!

-- BUT I'VE GOT A STYLE THAT'LL ROLL YOUR BONES!

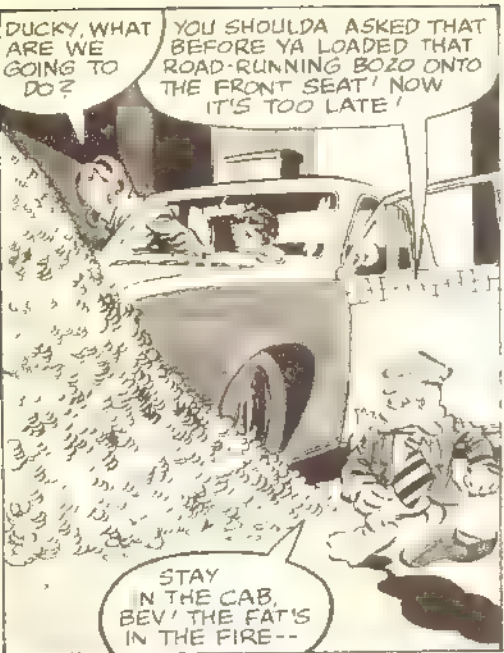
H-HOWARD-- HE BLOCKED THE ROAD WITH A MOUNTAIN OF COINS! WE'RE GOING TO--

CRASH

THAT'S THE NAME AND THE GAME! I'LL **WAGER** YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF ME--

JACKPOT!

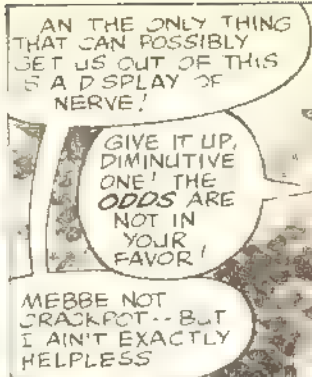
TURN OVER **CHIN** AND WE'LL CALL THIS HAND A **DRAW**! RESIST AND YOU HAZARD A GREATER LOSS THAN EVEN I CAN PREDICT!



DUCKY, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

YOU SHOULD'VE ASKED THAT BEFORE YA LOADED THAT ROAD-RUNNING BOZO ONTO THE FRONT SEAT! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!

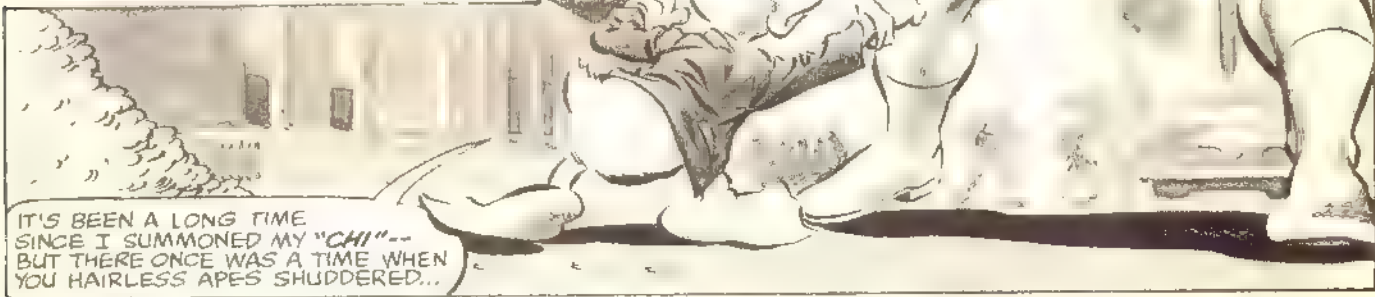
STAY IN THE CAB, BEV! THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE--



AN THE ONLY THING THAT CAN POSSIBLY GET US OUT OF THIS IS A DISPLAY OF NERVE!

GIVE IT UP, DIMINUTIVE ONE! THE ODDS ARE NOT IN YOUR FAVOR!

MEBBE NOT CRACKPOT-- BUT I AIN'T EXACTLY HELPLESS



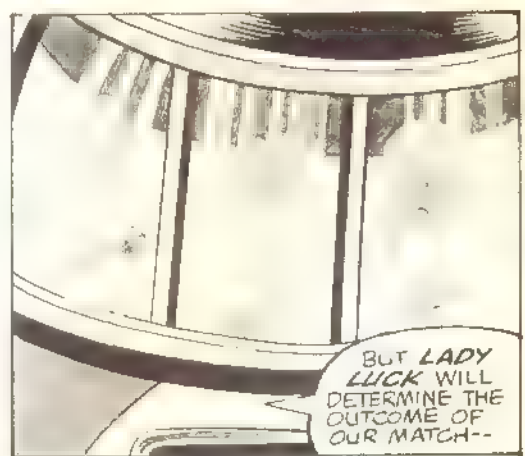
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I SUMMONED MY "CHI"-- BUT THERE ONCE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU HAIRLESS APES SHUDDERED...



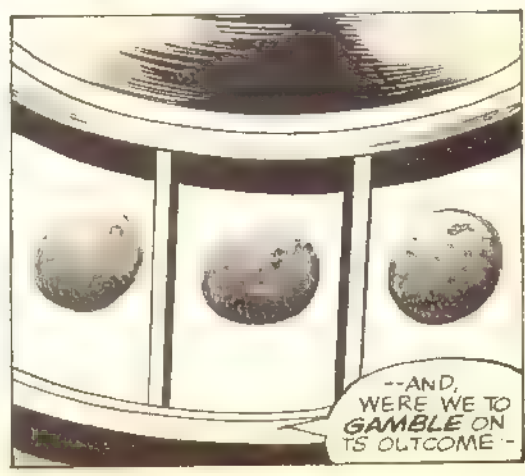
AT MY DEADLY HANDS OF QUAK FU!*

HAH! I RECOGNIZE THE FIGHTING STYLE OF A DEVOTEE OF THE TEMPLE OF MASTER C'HAAT!

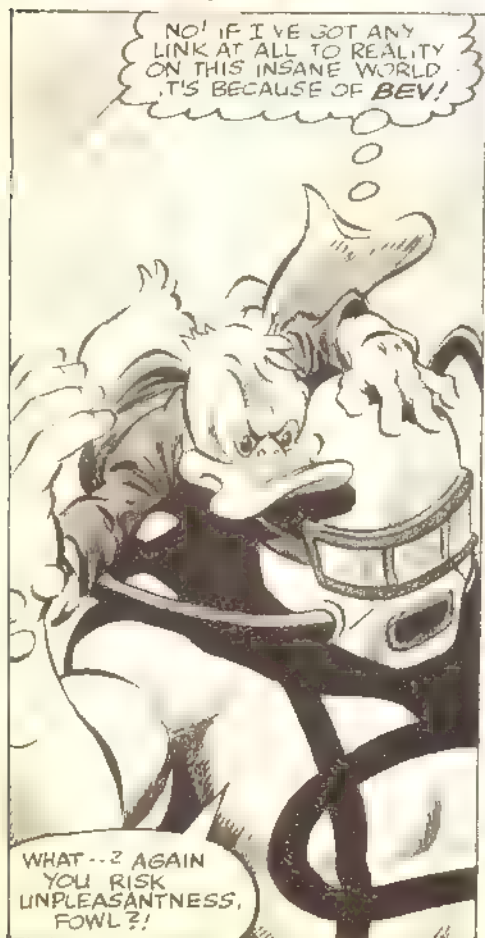
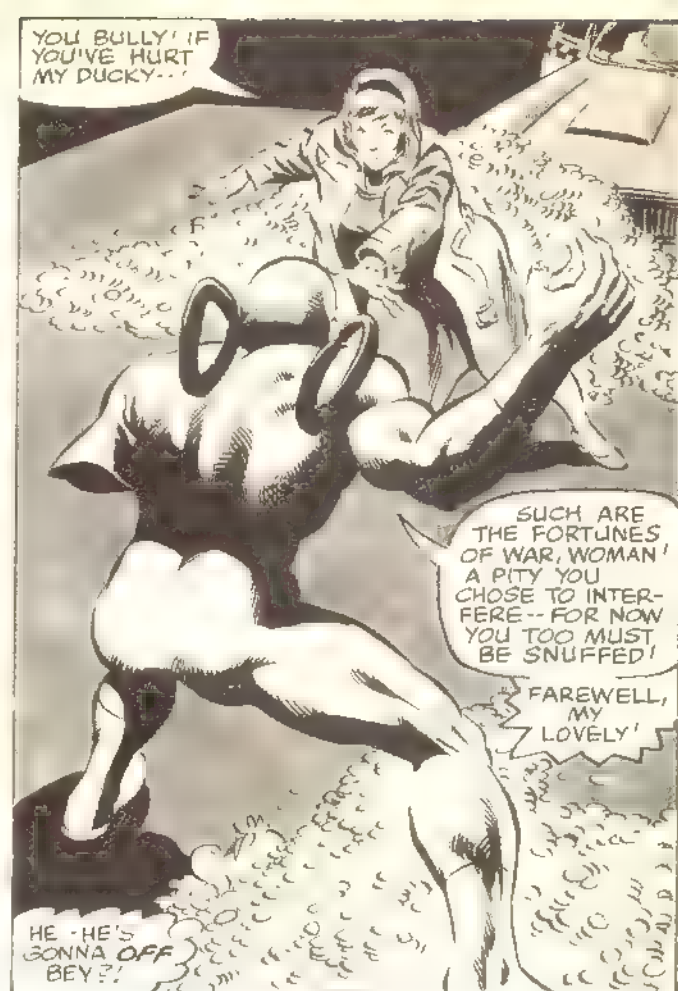
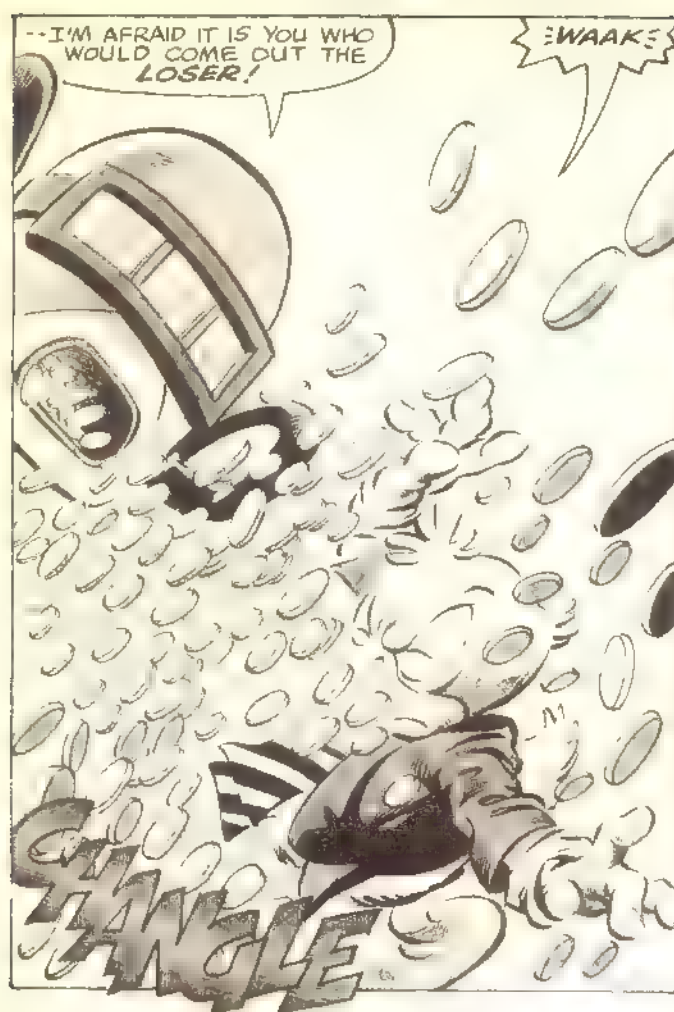
*SKILLS HOWARD ACQUIRED IN HOWARD THE DUCK #3 -- RICK.

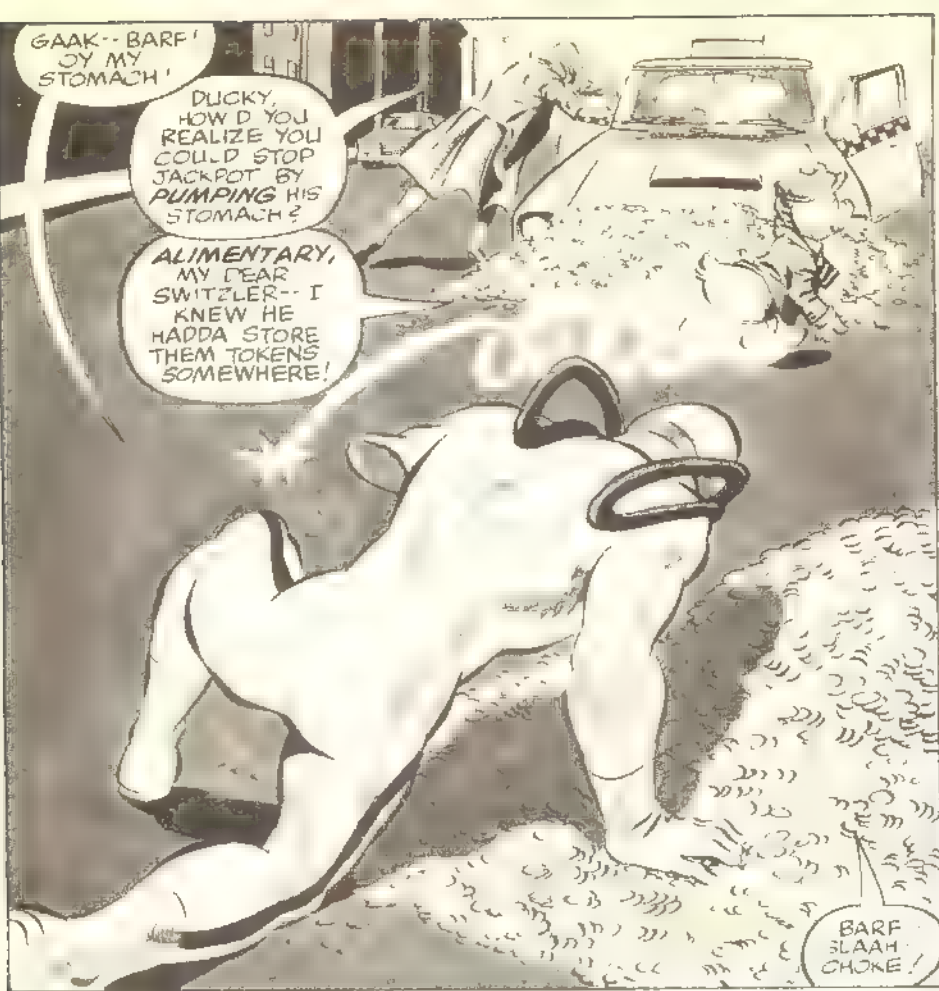


BUT LADY LUCK WILL DETERMINE THE OUTCOME OF OUR MATCH--



--AND, WERE WE TO GAMBLE ON ITS OUTCOME--





GAAK--BARF!
OY MY
STOMACH!

DUCKY,
HOW'D YOU
REALIZE YOU
COULD STOP
JACKPOT BY
PUMPING HIS
STOMACH?

ALIMENTARY,
MY DEAR
SWITZLER-- I
KNEW HE
HADDA STORE
THEM TOKENS
SOMEWHERE!

BARF
SLAAH
CHOKE!



NOW LET'S
BEAT IT CUTTA
HERE BEFORE
SOMEONE HANDS
HIM A *BROMO!*



OH, HOWARD--THE
REST OF THE
RUNNERS ARE
RIGHT BEHIND
US!

RESTOFRUNGLE
BUNGLE (PUFF
WHEEZ) BEHINUS?

TRANSLATE
FOR THIS
BARGAIN-
BASEMENT
PHIDDIPIDES,
BEV--



-WHILE I
GET US INTO
POSITION!

HERE THEY COME
THAT MUST BE
JACKPOT'S MAN
IN THE LEAD -

--BUT NOT
FOR LONG!

THUS, WITH BEVERLY SWITZLER SUPPORTING HIM, CLEFT CHIN GETS OUT OF HOWARD'S CAB AND SPRINTS -- ER, STUMBLES -- TO THE FINISH LINE!

H-HELPING A RUNNER? BUT-- THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR!!

SO, EAT PRUNES, JUDGE! WE'RE JUST SEEN TO IT THAT A WRONG GETS RIGHTED! I DON'T THINK THE RUNNER-UP WILL ARGUE--



--NOT IF YA THREATEN TO ANALYZE A CUP OF BODY KICK THAT HIS SECOND HANDED TO CHIN HERE A FEW MILES BACK!

ER WELL N THAT CASE -

--THE WINNAH... CLEFT CHIN!!



THWINNAH GASP-- PUFF-- WHEEZ) . ME?



WE DID GOOD, DUCKY-- I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

WHAT'S TA BE PROUD OF? I JUST FIGURED HELPIN' CHIN WIN--

-WAS THE BEST WAY OF LEARNIN' MY WAY AROUND CLEVELAND!

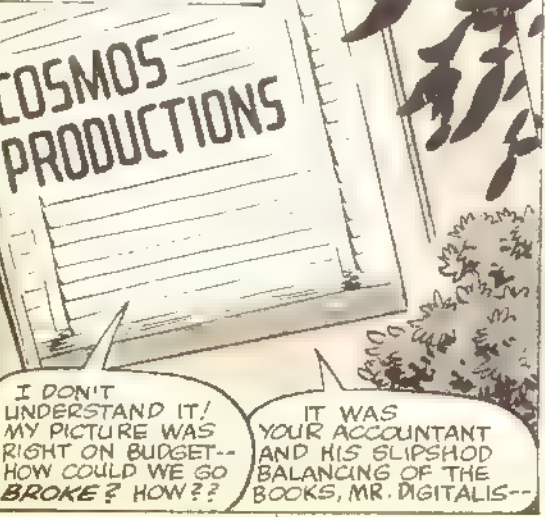
UNH LH, DUCKY -YOUR CYNICISM ISN'T GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF IT THIS TIME! C'MERE AND LET BEVERLY GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD!

AW BEV-- CUT IT OUT! YER EMBARASSIN' ME



BUT HOWARD'S PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

...S AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE FATE BEING PLANNED FOR HIM IN THE CLEVELAND OFFICES OF...

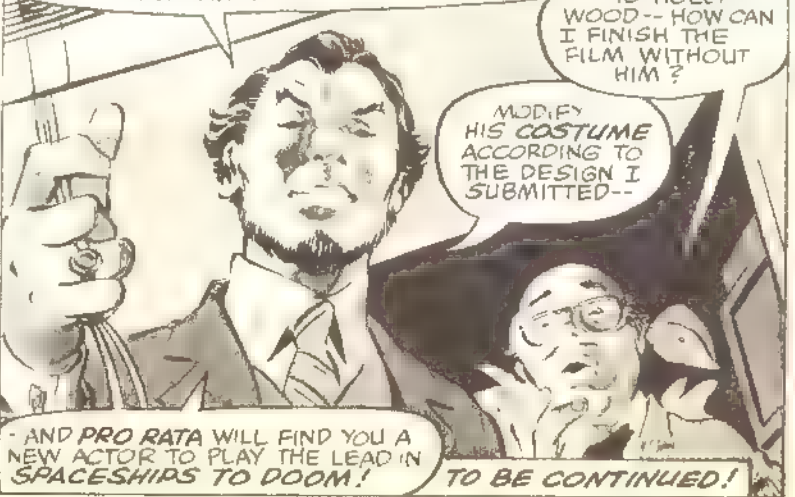


I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! MY PICTURE WAS RIGHT ON BUDGET-- HOW COULD WE GO BROKE? HOW??

IT WAS YOUR ACCOUNTANT AND HIS SLIPSHOD BALANCING OF THE BOOKS, MR. DIGITALIS--

--AND H RING ME TO REPLACE HIM WAS THE SMARTEST MOVE YOU'VE MADE SINCE DECIDING TO SHOOT YOUR NEWEST PICTURE IN CLEVELAND!

BUT MY STAR HAS GONE BACK TO HOLLY WOOD-- HOW CAN I FINISH THE FILM WITHOUT HIM?



MODIFY HIS COSTUME ACCORDING TO THE DESIGN I SUBMITTED--

-AND PRO RATA WILL FIND YOU A NEW ACTOR TO PLAY THE LEAD IN SPACESHIPS TO DOOM!

TO BE CONTINUED!

CHAPTER THREE:
FROM HELL IT COMETH...
CHAIR-THING!

HOURS AFTER HAVING DROPPED BEV OFF AT HER JOB, IT IS A FATALISTIC FOWL WHO SETTLES INTO THE MUNDANE ROUTINE OF A CLEVELAND CABBIE.

HOWARD'S BEEN PRESSED INTO WORK BEFORE, SINCE HIS ARRIVAL ON THIS WORLD OF HAIRLESS APES, AND HE'S REACHED A CONCLUSION ABOUT BREAD-WINNING SHARED BY MANY.

ON DUTY

THAT MOST JOBS ARE UNRELIEVEDLY, MIND-NUMBINGLY DULL!

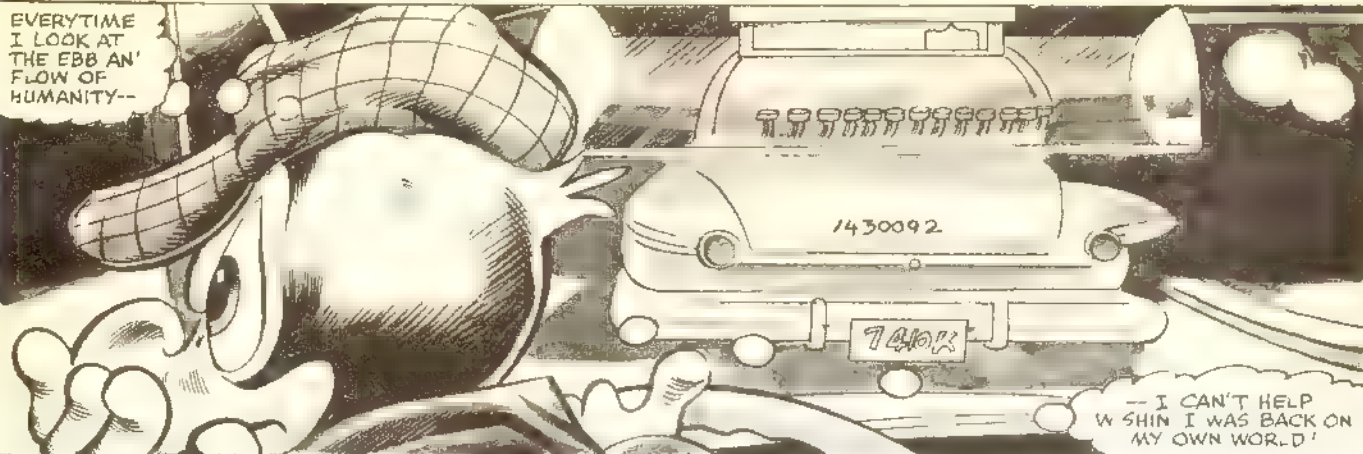
LORD, AM I **BORED!** NOT MAKIN' MUCH, EITHER, WHILE I SIT HERE WAITIN' FOR MY FARE TO FINISH HIS SHOPPIN' IN HIGBEE'S!

BUT I GUESS IT'S WORTH IT! WITH BOTH ME AN' BEV BRINGIN' HOME THE BACON, MAYBE WE CAN AT LAST SETTLE DOWN TO A QUIET--AN' RELATIVELY NORMAL-- LIFESTYLE!

WHERE NOTHING OUT OF THE **ORDINARY** EVER HAPPENS!

FAILING TO GLANCE IN HIS REAR-VIEW MIRROR HOWARD CANNOT KNOW THAT HIS HOPES ARE ABOUT TO BE SHATTERED!

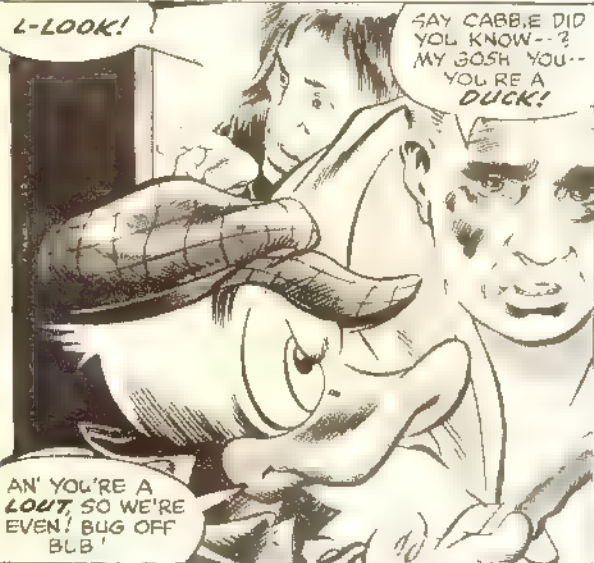
EVERYTIME
I LOOK AT
THE EBB AN'
FLOW OF
HUMANITY--



-- I CAN'T HELP
W SHIN I WAS BACK ON
MY OWN WORL'D!

BUT IF HOWARD IS UNAWARE OF HIS STRANGE TAIL-GATER, HE DOES SENSE SOMETHING WRONG IN THE ATTITUDES OF PASSING PEDESTRIANS...

L-LOOK!

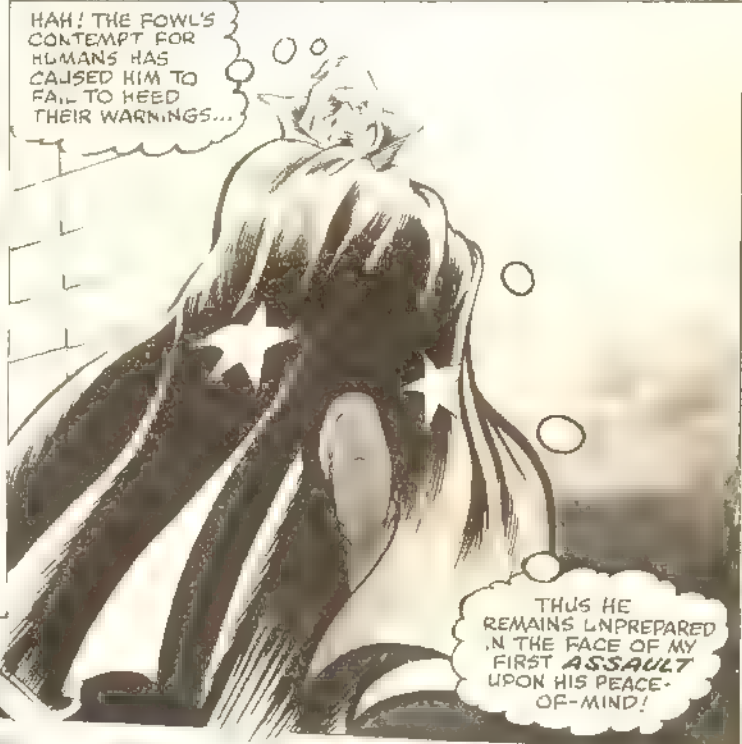


SAY CABB,E DID
YOL KNOW--?
MY GOSH YOU--
YOU'RE A
DUCK!

AN' YOU'RE A
LOUT SO WE'RE
EVEN! BUG OFF
BLB!

AT THAT MOMENT OBSERVING THE MOUNTING HYSTERIA FROM THE CONVENIENT SHADOWS OF A NEARBY ALLEYWAY...

HAH! THE FOWL'S
CONTEMPT FOR
HUMANS HAS
CAUSED HIM TO
FAIL TO HEED
THEIR WARNINGS...



THUS HE
REMAINS UNPREPARED
IN THE FACE OF MY
FIRST **ASSAULT**
UPON HIS PEACE-
OF-MIND!

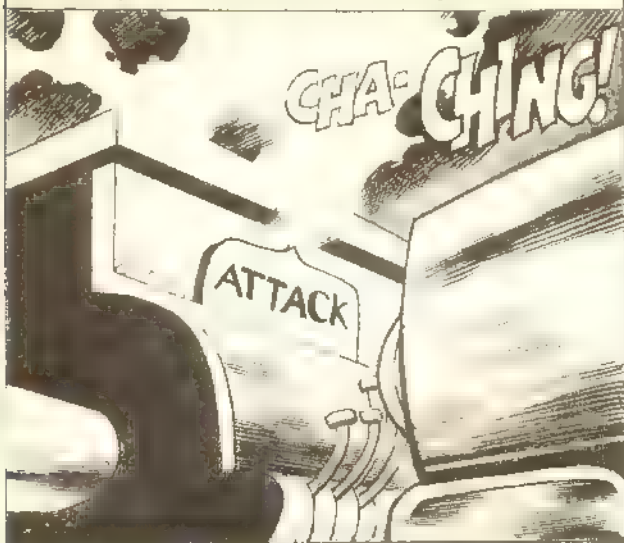


SO BEGINS MY MAGNIFICENTLY
MYSTICAL BARRAGE CALCULATED
TO LEAVE HIM DOUBTING HIS
SANITY--

-- SO THAT, WHEN THE
MOMENT OF MY REVENGE ARRIVES
AT LAST HOWARD WILL BE UNABLE TO
MARSHAL ANY **PSYCHIC DEFENSES**
AGAINST THE MAGICKS OF...

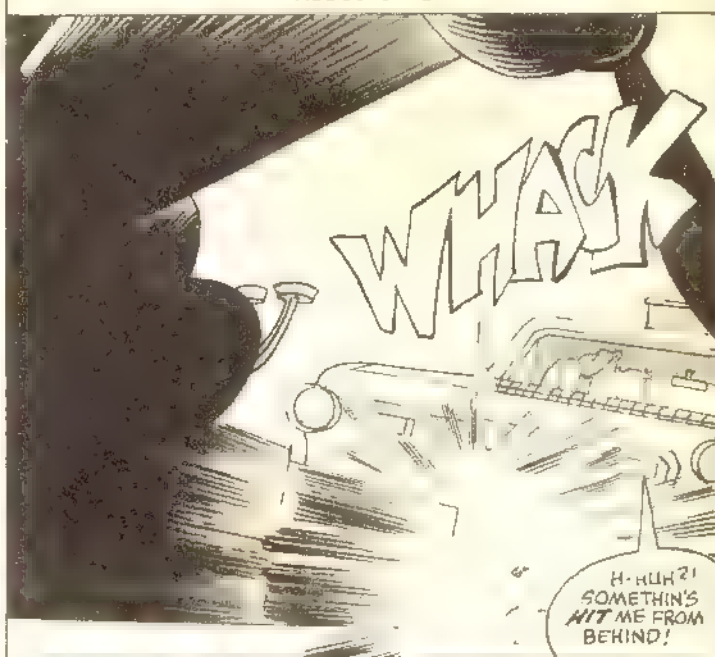
... **PRO RATA,**
THE **FINANCIAL**
WIZARD
WHOM MEN CALL
MAD!!

INVISIBLE TO ALL SAVE MASTERS OF THE MYSTIC ARTS,
PRO RATA'S HEX BOLT PASSES OVER THE SIDEWALK--

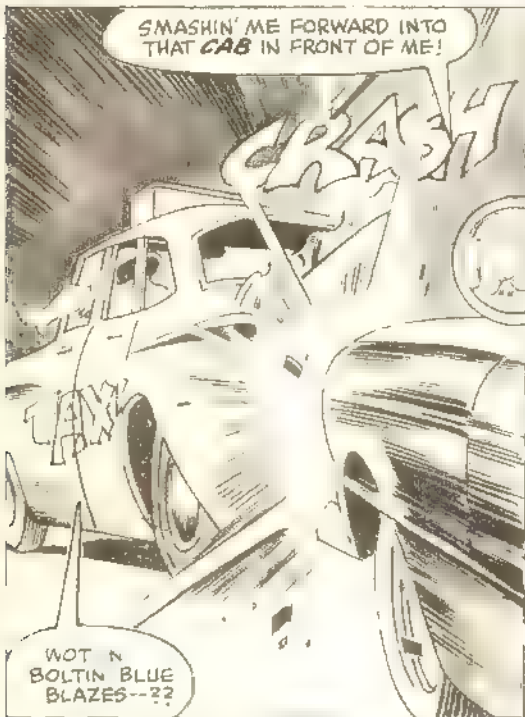


--AND RINGS UP THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND ON THE
HOVERING CASH REGISTER BEHIND HOWARD'S CAB!

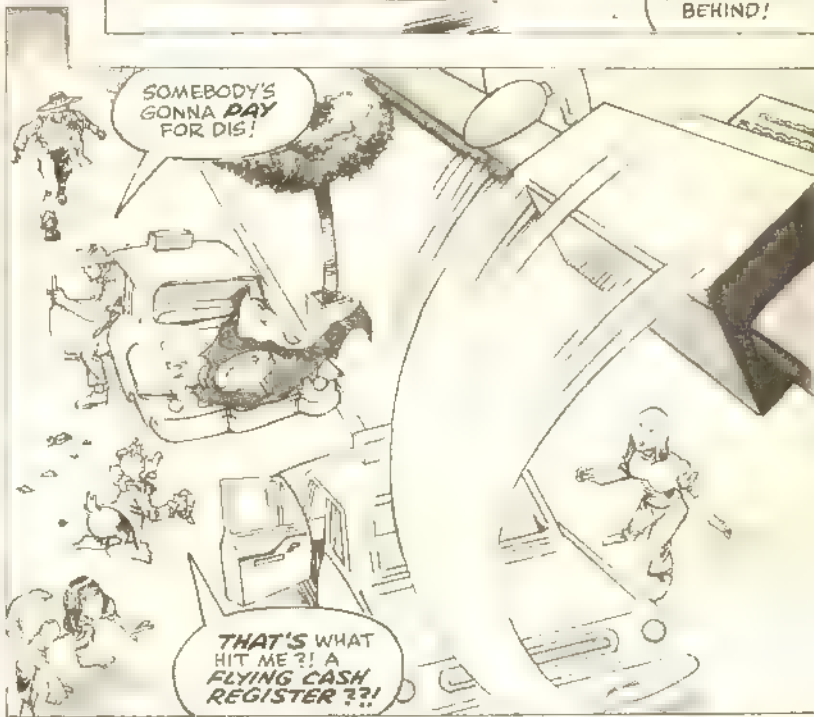
AND IMMEDIATELY THE CASH DRAWER JERKS OPEN WITH A
RESOUNDING...



SMASHIN' ME FORWARD INTO
THAT CAB IN FRONT OF ME!



SOMEBODY'S
GONNA DAY
FOR DIS!

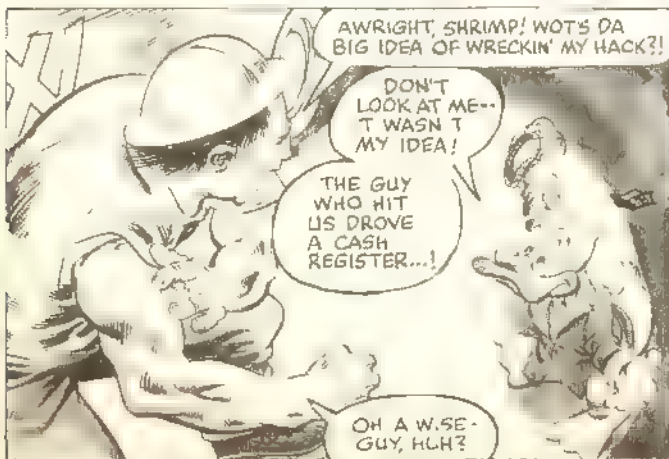


AWRIGHT, SHRIMP! WOT'S DA
BIG IDEA OF WRECKIN' MY HACK?!

DON'T
LOOK AT ME--
T WASN T
MY IDEA!

THE GUY
WHO HIT
US DROVE
A CASH
REGISTER...!

OH A WISE-
GUY, HUH?

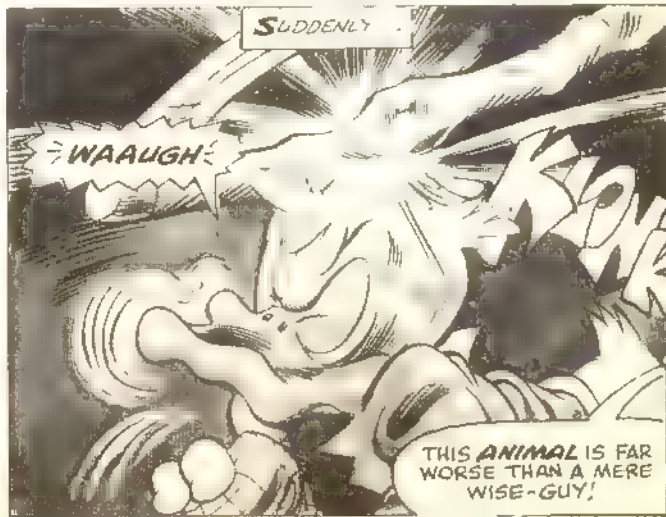


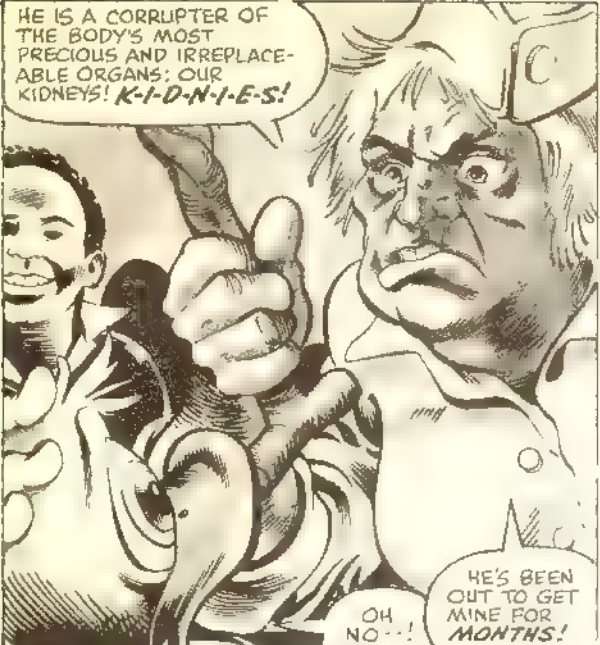
ONE THAT HITS AND RUNS-- LEAVING HOWARD TO FACE
THE WRATH OF AN IRATE FELLOW- CABBIE!

SUDDENLY

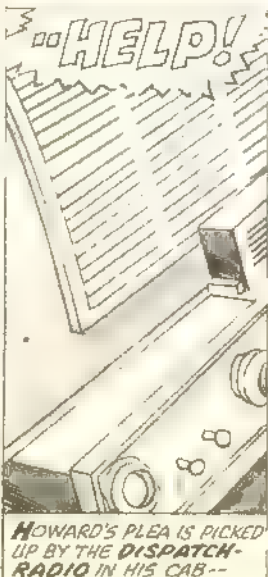
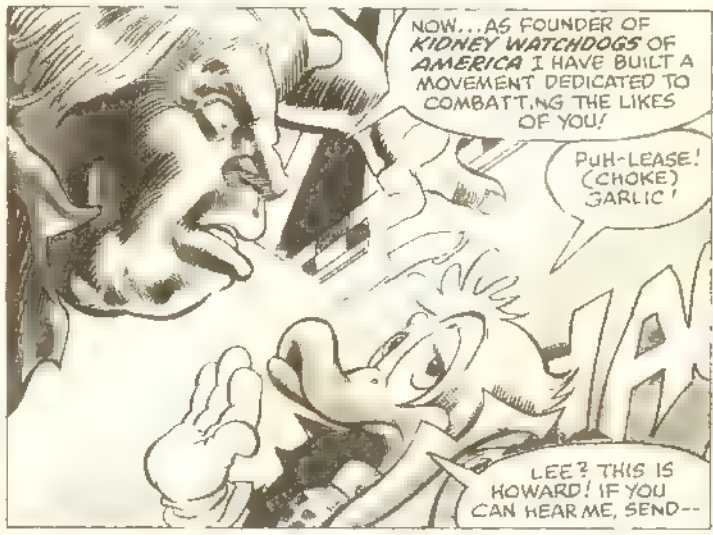
WAAUGH

THIS ANIMAL IS FAR
WORSE THAN A MERE
WISE-GUY!



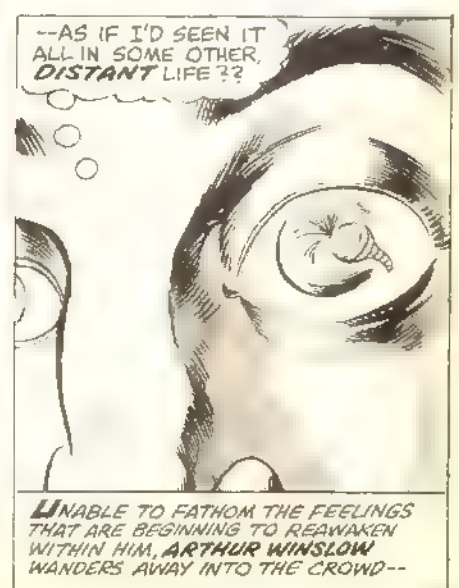
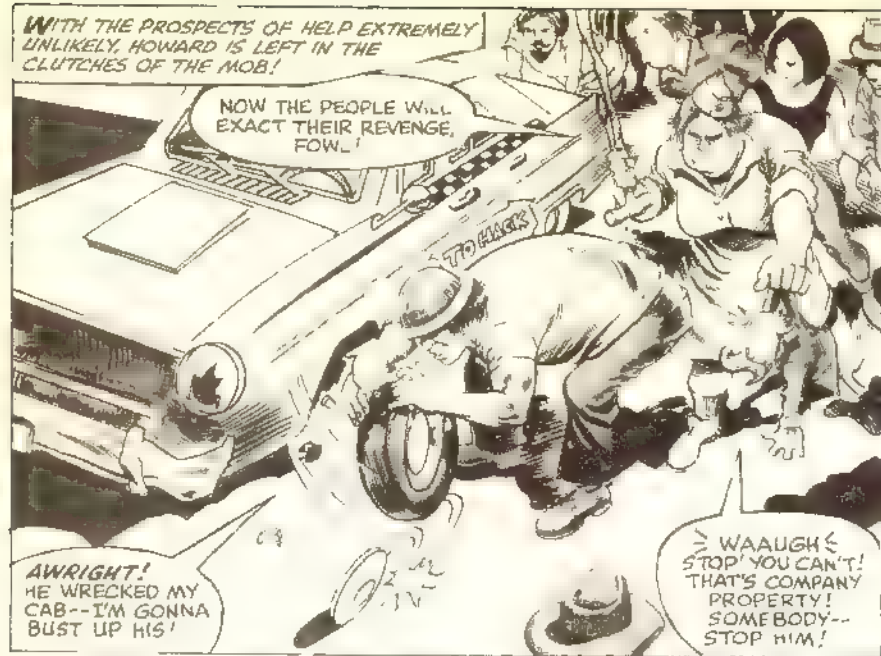


WHEN HE IS FINALLY DELIVERED OVER TO MY MACHINATIONS, HE WILL BE A HELPLESS, QUIVERING MASS OF MIND-MUSH!



HOWARD'S PLEA IS PICKED UP BY THE DISPATCH-RADIO IN HIS CAB--

SEE A.T. #12-- RICK.



--WHILE HOWARD FACES AN IMMINENT BASHING!

DEY USED TA CALL ME
DA CLEVELAND
CLOBBERER!

IZZAT
SO? WELL,
THEY USED
TO CALL
ME--

--THE
BROOKLYN
DODGER!

CLANG

TSK! LOOKS
LIKE MOTOR-
MOUTH'S JUST
GOTTEN WALLOPED
BY A
DISCIPLE!

UH-OH!
DA FUZZ!

TREMBLE IN YER BOOTS, BOZO!
I'M TURNIN YOU IN!

ALRIGHT
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE??
OH, NO! IT
CAN'T BE!!

TOMPKINS?!*

*THEY MET IN GIANT-SIZE MAN THING#4--RICK.

DON'T SAY A WORD, FOWL!
I GOT **DEMOTED** FOR
BRINGING YOU IN AND
EMBARRASSING THE
COMMISSIONER--

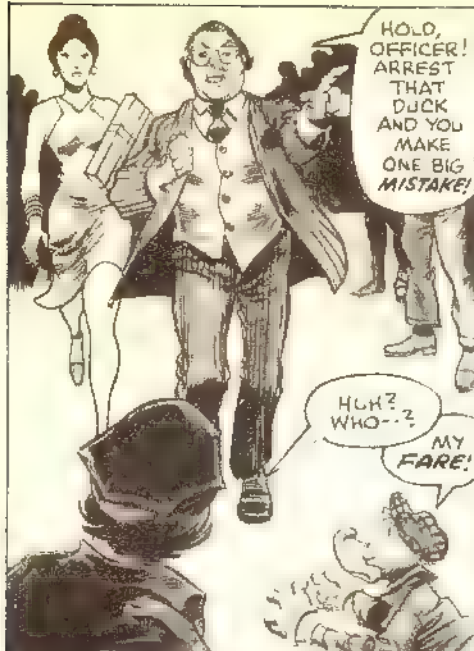
--BUT WE
GOT A NEW
ADMINISTRATION
IN CLEVELAND
NOW!

DUCK--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!

M-ME?
BUT I'M
INNOCENT!
I--

SNAP

WAAK



HOLD, OFFICER! ARREST THAT DUCK AND YOU MAKE ONE BIG MISTAKE!

HUH? WHO--?

MY FARE!



MY NAME IS *DINO DIGITALIS* - THE FAMED HOLLYWOOD MOVIE PRODUCER! I SEE THE WHOLE THING! THE OLD WOMAN AND THAT CABBIE ATTACKED THIS POOR *DUCK*!

F F F

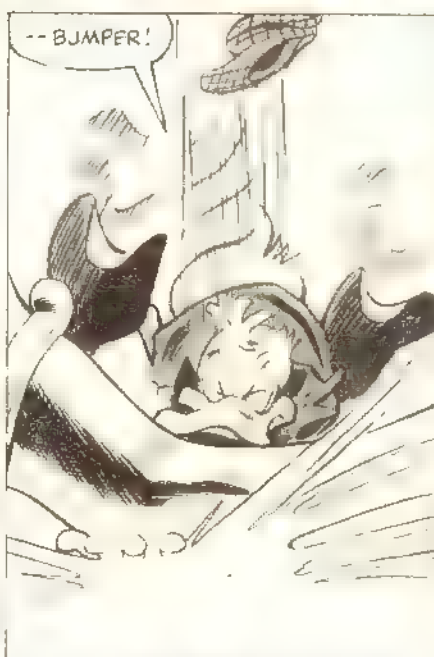
I MA AFRAID THAT YOU ARE, HOW YOU SAY, BLAMING THE VICTIM?!

W-WELL, IF YOU'LL SIGN AN AFFADAVIT..

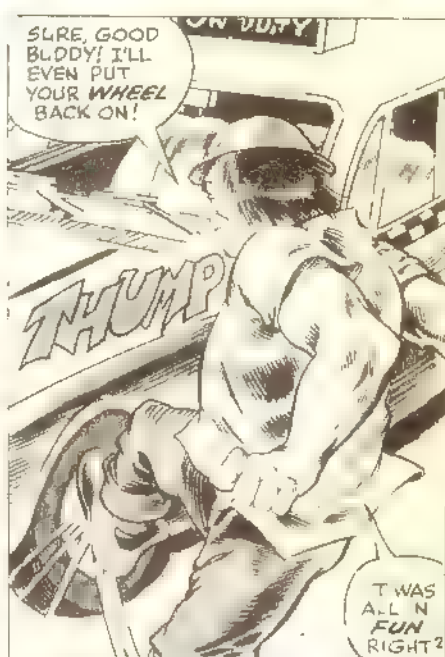


I--UH-- GUESS I'D BEST BE GON!

HEY! GIVE BACK MY--



--BUMPER!



SURE, GOOD BUDDY! I'LL EVEN PUT YOUR *WHEEL* BACK ON!

THUMP

T WAS ALL N FUN RIGHT?



HEY YOU - COME BACK HERE!

I'M TAKING YOU AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND HERE IN!

M-ME??



AW GEE WHIZ!

SINCE MR DIGITALIS VOUCHES FOR YOU, DUCK--YOU'RE FREE!

K NDA STICKS IN YOUR CRAW THOUGH, DON'T IT, TOMPKINS?



THEN AFTER A D.SGRUNTLED OFFICER TOMPKINS HAULS THE CABBIE AND THE KIDNEY LADY AWAY...

WELL, MY CABS BACK N SHAPE-- MORE OR LESS!

THEN WE CAN CONTINUE ON OUR WAY, MY FRIEND?

I'M HERE TO MAKE A MOVIE-- OR I WAS UNTIL MY **STAR** WALKED OUT ON ME! STRANGELY ENOUGH, MY NEW **ACCOUNTANT** TOLD ME I COULD FIND A REPLACEMENT FOR HIM TODAY!



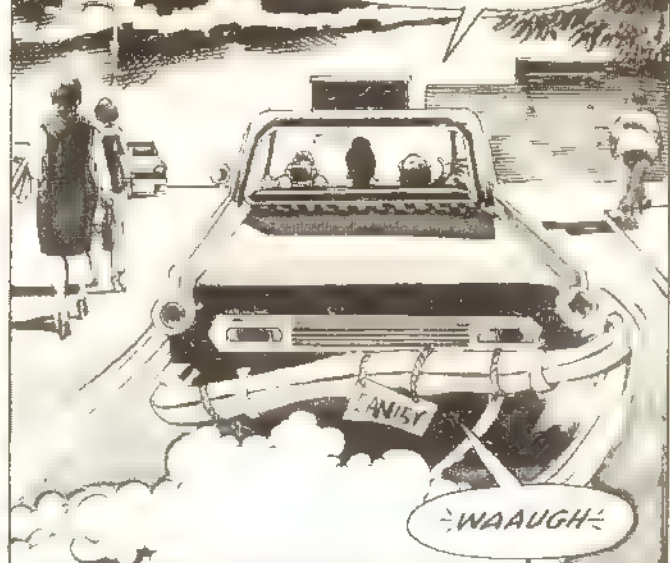
AND I THINK I **HAVE!** COME ALONG MONA--

SURE, BUT WHY'D YOU STICK OUT YOUR NECK FOR ME? WE AIN'T EVEN THE SAME SPECIES!



AN' WHAT'S A HOT-SHOT HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER DOIN' IN CLEVELAND, ANYWAY?

--WHILE I MAKE **HOWARD** HERE AN OFFER HE CAN'T REFUSE!

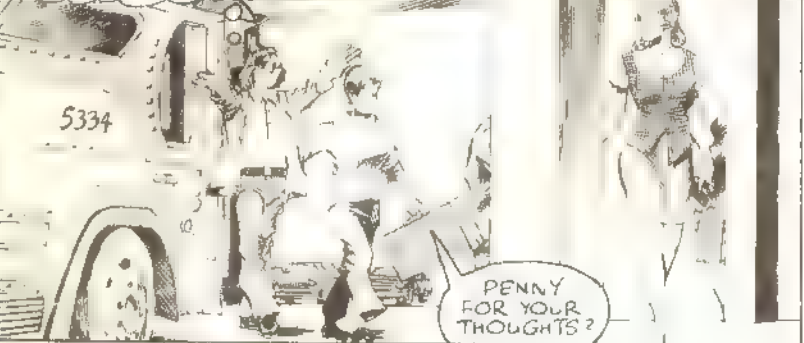


WAAUGH

AT THAT MOMENT AT THE CLEVELAND BUS TERMINAL.

COME AWONG, PAUL! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HOWARD AND BEVEWY BEFORE IT GETS DARK! MAYBE THEY'LL KNOW OF A PWACE WHERE WE CAN C'WASH.

I AM THE AVENGING ANGEL -- THE LIGHT OF THE LORD!



5334

PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS?

LATER THAT SAME NIGHT...




5 GNORE HOWARD HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A **STAR**?



I GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS JUST BEING A DUCK, PAL!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, MY FRIEND--BUT THINK OF THE ADVANTAGES! NOW YOU ARE FEARED BECAUSE YOU ARE UNJSUAL-- BUT IN HOLLYWOOD, **EVERYONE** IS UNUSUAL! I CAN MAKE YOJ BOTH ACCEPTED... AND RICH!

YOU CAN DO ALL THAT FOR POOR LITTLE HOWIE, MR DIGITALIS?



YES! IT IS MY PROFESSION TO
MAKE REALITY SEEM **LARGER-
THAN-LIFE!** I AM A MASTER OF
THE EPIC-- THE EXTRAVAGANZA--
THE LOW-BUDGET **DISASTER**
FILM!

SURELY YOU
HAVE SEEN MY MOVIES?
TOWERING BARNFIRE,
FILMED ON LOCATION--
AND A SHOESTRING--
IN LUBBOCK, TEXAS?!

OR **BRIDE OF KONG**
WHERE WE MADE A
MILLION-- DESPITE
A LIMITED SPECIAL-
EFFECTS BUDGET!?

OR **TEETH,**
THE STORY OF
A RAMPAGING
ORTHODONTIST'S
DENTURE MOLD,
SHOT FROM GROUND-
LEVEL ON LAKE-
SHORE BOULEVARD!?

SORRY, DIGITALIS-- NOT INTER-
ESTED! I GOT ENOUGH NOTORIETY
WHEN I WAS TALKED INTO RUNNIN'
FOR **PRESIDENT!**

NOW THAT I
THINK OF IT,
I CAME OUT
OF THAT
BROKE, TOO!

**HANDLE
WITH CARE**

BUT THIS IS MOVIES
DUCKY-- THE **SILVER**
SCREEN! OH EXCUSE ME,
I COULDN'T HELP OVER
HEARING AS I CAME IN!

AH, AND WHO IS TH'S
RADIANT CREATURE
SIGNORE?

DINO DIGITALIS,
MEET BEV SWITZLER--
MY SOULMATE!

I AM
CHARMED,
SIGNORINA!

WELL, DON'T BE! BEV AND
I WERE JUST LEAVIN' FOR
OUR NICE, QUIET, UNEVENT-
FUL APARTMENT!

IN SHORT, DINO-- THE ANSWER'S
THANKS BUT **NO** THANKS!
FIND ANOTHER PIGEON TO
STAR IN YOUR MOVIE!

HOWARD YOU MEAN
MR. DIGITALIS
WANTED TO PUT
YOU IN A FILM??

AND PAY HIM
WELL FOR IT,
TOO!

I WOULD BE
WILLING TO MAKE
YOU HIS **CO-STAR**,
MS. SWITZLER!

DINO, CARA MIA!
BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE PROMISE YOU
MADE TO ME?!

YOU CAN
ALWAYS GO
BACK TO
WAITING
ON TABLES,
MONA!

CUTE BOY-
FRIEND YOU GOT
THERE, LADY!

UNCLE LEE WOULD YOU BE
WILLING TO GIVE HOWARD
A FEW DAYS OFF?

SURE, BEV-- I'M SURE I
COULD FIND ANOTHER DRIVER!

THE SETS
COSTUMES--
EVERYTHING
S READY AT
OUR STUDIO
IN DOWNTOWN
CLEVELAND!

AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT!
AWRIGHT! ENOUGH
ALREADY!

LET'S GO
OUTSIDE, DINO--
WHERE WE CAN
TALK WITHOUT
HAVIN' TO
SCREAM!

SHORTLY..

THEN YOU
ACCEPT,
SIGNORE?

ON THE CONDITION THAT EVERY-
THING'S PUT INTO WRITING-- THAT BEV
GETS EQUAL BILLING--AND THAT I'M
BACK AT LEE'S IN A FEW DAYS IF
THINGS DON'T WORK OUT!

YEAH
I'LL BE
YOUR NEW
STAR!

SOON AFTER, AS HOWARD AND BEV WALK HOME FROM LEE'S GARAGE...

OH, HOWARD-- I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE IN THE MOVIES! BUT WHY DID MR DIGITALIS PICK YOU?

IT WAS HIS ACCOUNTANT'S IDEA! SOMETHIN' ABOUT SAVING MONEY ON COSTUMES--

--BY HIRING A SHORT ACTOR!

WELL, WE'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW! WE'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP!

I RENTED US THE TOP FLOOR OF THIS HOUSE! IT'S PARTIALLY FURNISHED--AND CHEAP!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME! AFTER YOU WALKED OUT ON ME YESTERDAY I SPENT THE NIGHT ON A STACK OF SPARE TIRES AT THE GARAGE!

SHH, DUCKY! THE LANDLADY GOES TO SLEEP EARLY!

DOES SHE TAKE THE ELECTRICITY WITH HER?

IT'S SO DARK IN HERE I CAN BARELY SEE TA GU, DE MY STOGIE TO MY BEAK!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT YOUR CIGAR OUT, DUCKY! I HAD TO TELL THE LANDLADY YOU DIDN'T SMOKE IN ORDER TO GET THIS PLACE!

WHA--? YOU'RE KIDDIN'!

YA MEAN THEY RENT APARTMENTS WITH POLLUTION CONTROLS!?

LOOK, WE WERE LUCKY TO FIND A PLACE! OH, I CAN'T SEE MY KEYS...

HERE, LEMME SHED SOME.

--LIGHT--? WAAK--

B-BEV? D DID YOU LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN WHEN YOU WENT OUT?

N-NO, DUCKY!
BUT THE
LANDLADY
HAS A KEY!

CREAK

THE MORE I
HEAR OF THIS
MYSTERIOUS LANDLADY
OF OURS, THE LESS
I LIKE HER!

WELL, KEEP YER
KNEES FROM KNOCKIN
WHILE I FIND THE
LIGHT--

CLICK

-- SWITCH!
YEEOWTCH!!

YOU WALKED
RIGHT INTO
MY TRAP
DUCK-FREAK!

AND THIS
TIME THE
KIDNEY
LADY
PULPS!!

I GOT H'S WILL FRIEND, OH
DIVINE M'SSTRES, OF THE
INNER LIGHT!

-WAAUGH-
BEV! HOW
COULD YA RENT
FROM HER WITHOUT
RECOGNIZIN'
HER??!

IT IT
WAS SO
DARK, DUCKY!
I-I COULDN'T
SEE--!

AND I SOUNDED SO SWEET,
DIDN'T I, MY DEAR?

THUNK

MY VOICE DRIPPING WITH HONEY TO ATTRACT
YOU TWO KIDNEY-CURDLING FLIES!



OH HOWARD I'M SORR... GLMMPHH!

BEV!!

YOU CAN'T HELP THE GIRL OR YOURSELF, ANIMAL! YOUR PITIFUL, WEAK-KIDNIED STRUGGLES ONLY FIX YOU FURTHER IN THE GRASP OF--



--MY DARLING CHAIR-THING!!

SNORT.

A--A LIVING-- CHAIR??



FOR MONTHS YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF ME AS A MERE ANNOYANCE - A DEMENTED OLD BAG! HOWEVER HAD YOU READ THIS BOOK YOU WOULD HAVE GUESSED THE TRUTH!



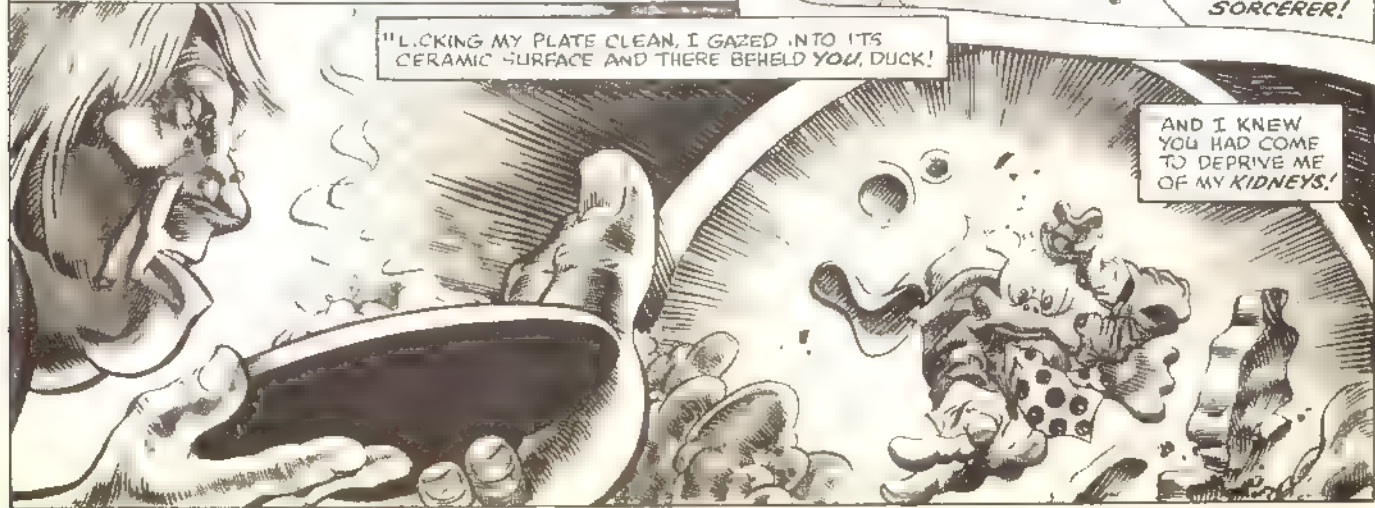
(GASP!) THIS ISN'T JUST TWISTED-

--IT'S EVIL!!

THE HUMAN KIDNEY

ACCORDING TO THIS, THE KIDNEY LADY'S A WITCH--AN ARCH-FOE OF DAKIMH, THE SORCERER!

"YES! I WAS EATING A PLATE OF KIDNEYS HOT OFF THE STOVE WHEN I SENSED A SHIFT IN THE COSMIC AXIS!"



"LICKING MY PLATE CLEAN, I GAZED INTO ITS CERAMIC SURFACE AND THERE BEHELD YOU, DUCK!"

AND I KNEW YOU HAD COME TO DEPRIVE ME OF MY KIDNEYS!

"BUT NEITHER YOU NOR DAK MH (YES I KNEW YOU SERVED THAT OLD GOAT) WOULD GET THE DROP ON MY PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS."

"HASTILY I MIXED A WITCHES' BREW OF SELECTED ANIMAL INNARDS IN MY BATHTUB--"

"CAST A SPELL--"

"-- WHEREUPON THE WHOLE MESS PROMPTLY EXPLODED!"

BOOMMM

"BLASTED MEAT INDUSTRY! THEY MUST BE FEEDING THEIR LIVESTOCK STEROIDS AGAIN."

SPLASH

"IT SANK FROM SIGHT!"

SNAP CRACKLE

"I'VE GOT TO THROW SOMETHING IN-- SLOW THE CHAIN REACTION."

"IN DESPERATION, I GRABBED A NEARBY CHAIR AND HURLED IT INTO THE BREW!"

"THERE WAS A FURIOUS FROTHING FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE, THEN SILENCE, FOLLOWED BY--"

POP!

"HERE, IN THIS VERY CLEVELAND APARTMENT, MY CHAIR-THING WAS BORN TO COMBAT THE KIDNEY-THIEF CREATURE OF DAK MH!"

UNFORTUNATELY,
MY CHAIR-THING
LACKED THE
MOBILITY TO GO
AFTER YOU--
SO I HAD TO
LURE YOU TO IT!

SO NOW DAT WE GOT EM
HERE, O DIVINE KIDNEY
MISTRESS--WHAT
HAPPENS NEXT?



NEXT, DISCIPLE, WE TEACH THIS
SLUT WHAT IT MEANS TO DEFY
CONVENTION--TO ENDANGER THE
PURITY OF THE KIDNEYS GOD
GAVE HER--BY SHACKING UP
WITH A DUCK!

SLAP

H-HOWARD!!



**STRUGGLING AGAINST THE
OVERSTUFFED ARMS WHICH
PINION HIM, HOWARD PUFFS
FURIOUSLY ON HIS CIGAR!**

THIS IS
BECOMING
SOMEWHAT
BIZARRE!

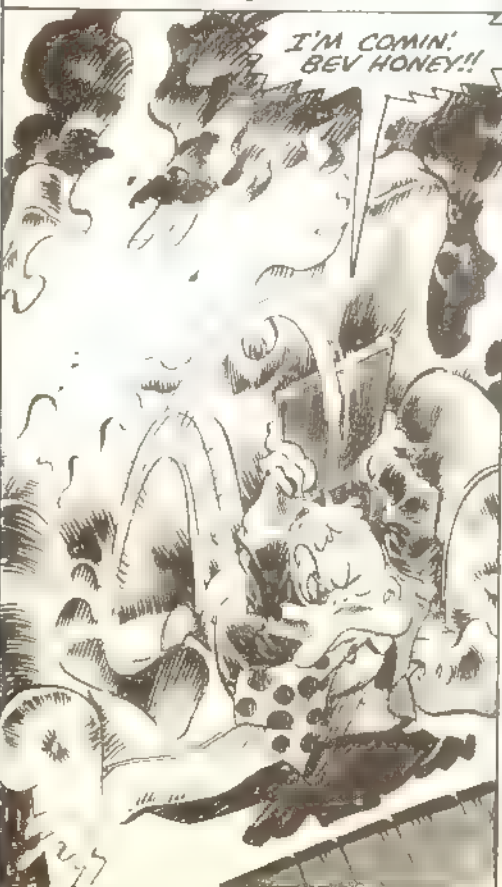
OY!



**AN ASH DROPS
IGNITING THE
UPHOLSTERY!**

**SPARKS FLY, AND HOWARD LEAPS FROM THE
HOT SEAT!**

**I'M COMIN'
BEV HONEY!!**



OH MY GOD!
YOU'VE
CREMATED
MY BABY -
MY CHAIR-
THING!

WORRY ABOUT
THAT WHEN I
GET DONE BASHIN
YOUR **BRAINS**
OUT, GRANDMA!



BEVERLY TOO FIGHTS BACK!

THUD

THAT'LL
TEACH YOU TO
KEEP YOUR HANDS
TO YOURSELF,
BEER BREATH.

YEEOWW!



FIRE!

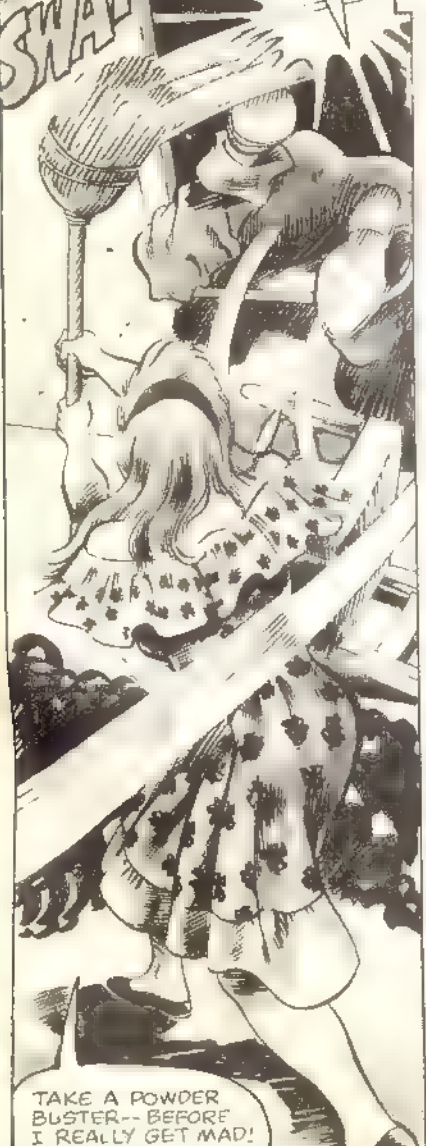
WATER!

MY SHINBONE!
SHE BROKE MY
SHINBONE!

HELP!

MISTRESS
TELL ME WHAT
TO DOOOOO...

SWAT



TAKE A POWDER
BUSTER-- BEFORE
I REALLY GET MAD!

WH-WHEN THE KIDNEY
MISTRESS GOT US OUTTA
JAIL WITHOUT POSTIN'
BOND I THOUGHT SHE
COULD DO ANYTHIN'!

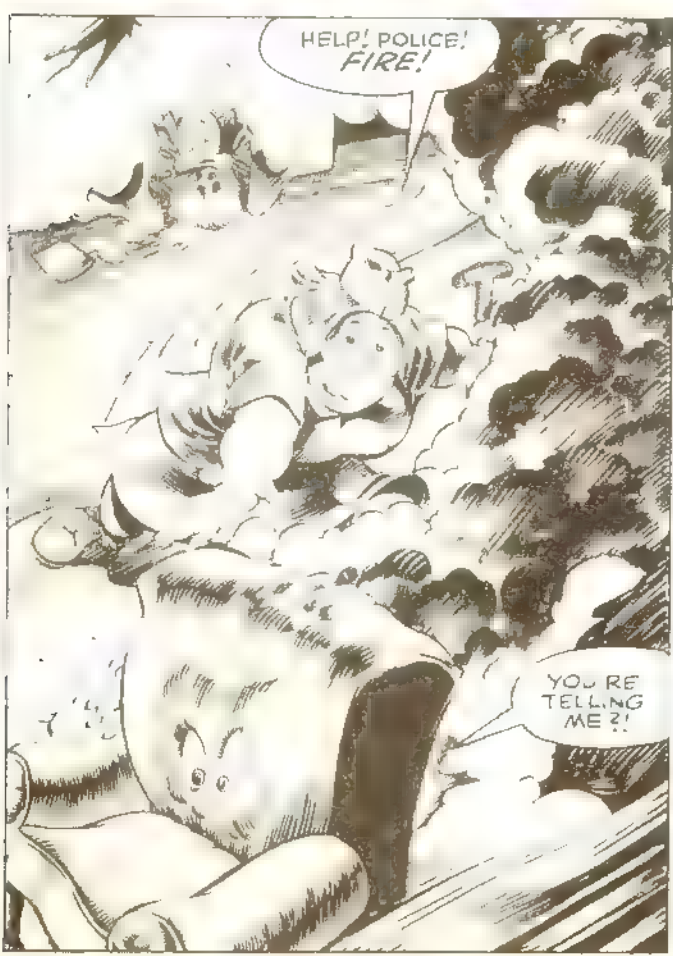


N NEW
I ANT SO
SURE!

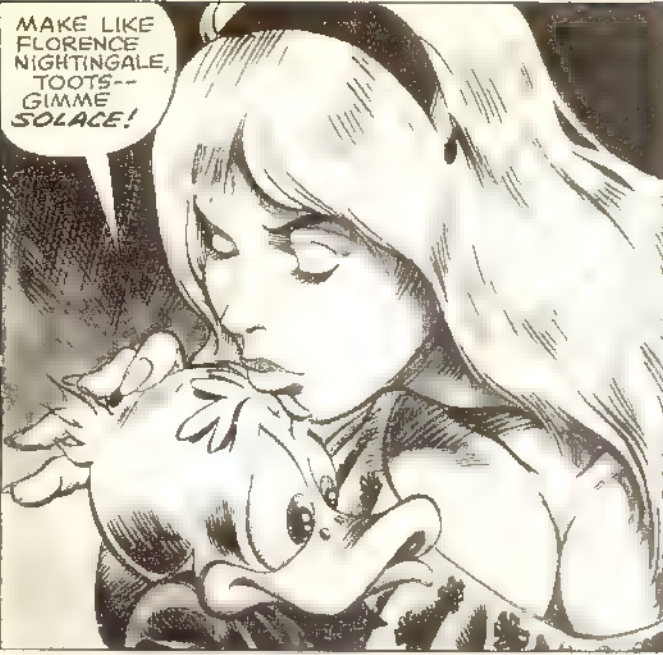
OH, WOOK, PAUL!
THIS MUST BE
WHERE HOWARD
AND BEVEVY
WIVE!



WHUMP

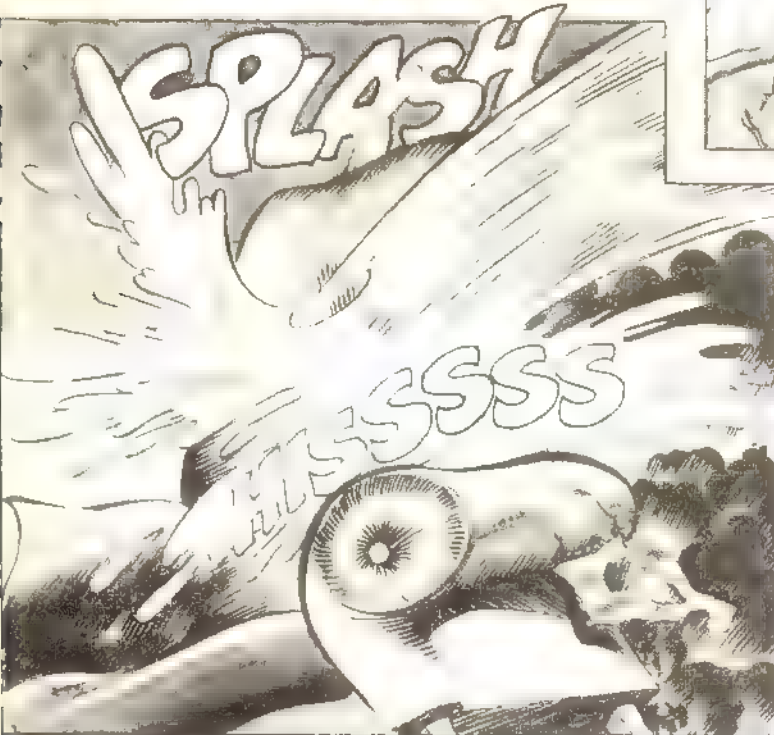


MAKE LIKE
FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE,
TOOTS--
GIMME
SOLACE!

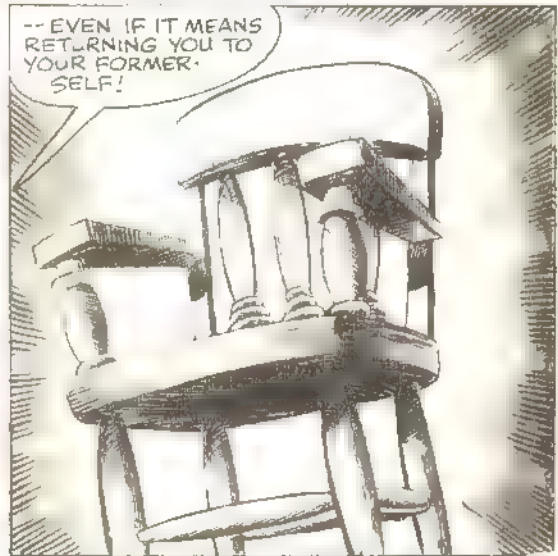


MOTHER?
IT'S SO
HOT 'N
HERE!

MOTHER WILL COOL
YOU OFF, MY DARLING--



-- EVEN IF IT MEANS
RETURNING YOU TO
YOUR FORMER
SELF!



YOU HAVE WON
THIS TIME DUCK-
FREAK-- BUT I
HAVE BORNE ALL
MY KIDNEYS
WILL BEAR!

WHEN
NEXT WE
MEET-





--I WILL FEED YOUR KIDNEYS TO THE HOUNDS OF HELL!

OH, GOWWY! I HOPE WE'RE NOT INTEWWUPTING ANYTHING PWIVATE?

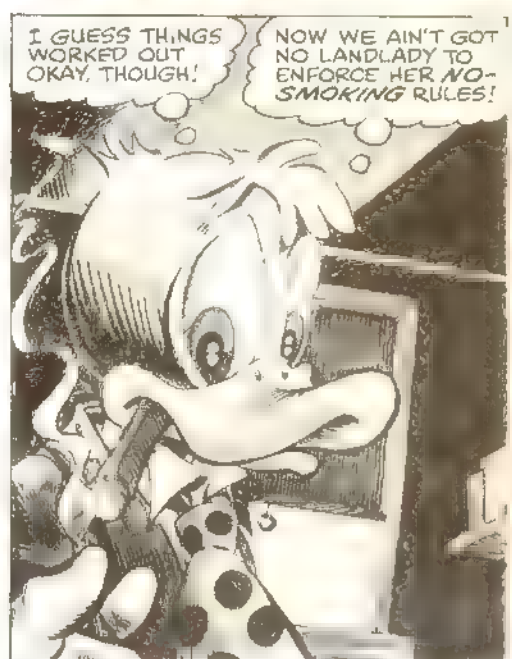
PFFFFFF



WINDA! PAUL! NO, NOT AT ALL! IN FACT, YOU CAME JUST AS OUR GUESTS WERE LEAVING!

SO I SAW!

OH WELL, A HALF-TRUTH IS PROBABLY EASIER TO SWALLOW THAN THE REAL THING!



I GUESS THINGS WORKED OUT OKAY, THOUGH!

NOW WE AIN'T GOT NO LANDLADY TO ENFORCE HER NO-SMOKING RULES!



SOME HOURS LATER AS DAWN APPROACHES...

THANKS FOR HELP-ING US GET THE PLACE BACK IN SHAPE WINDA--AND OF COURSE YOU AND PAUL WILL STAY WITH US?

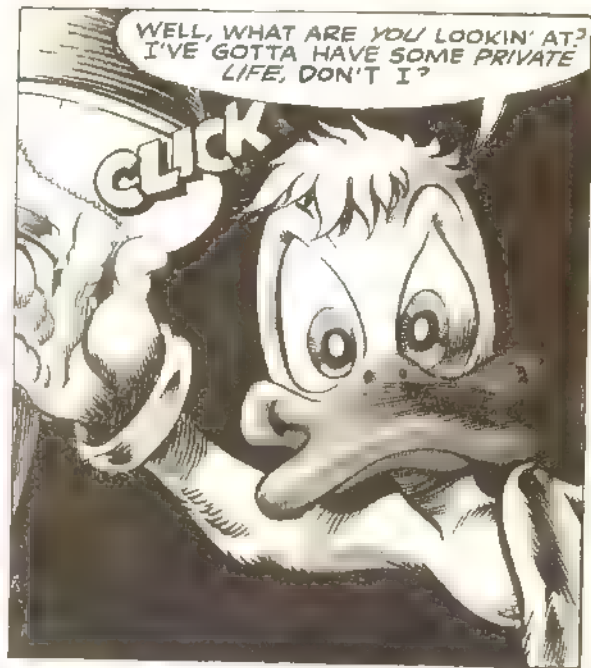
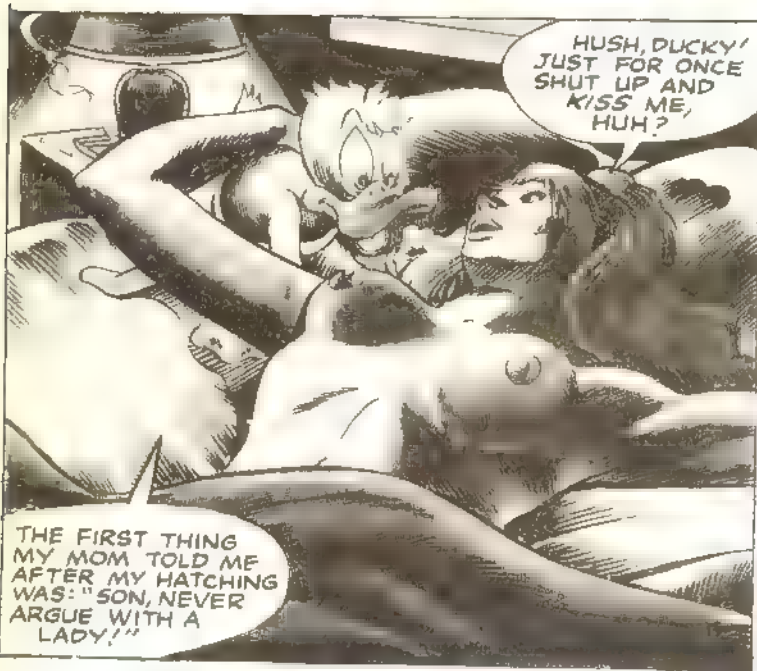
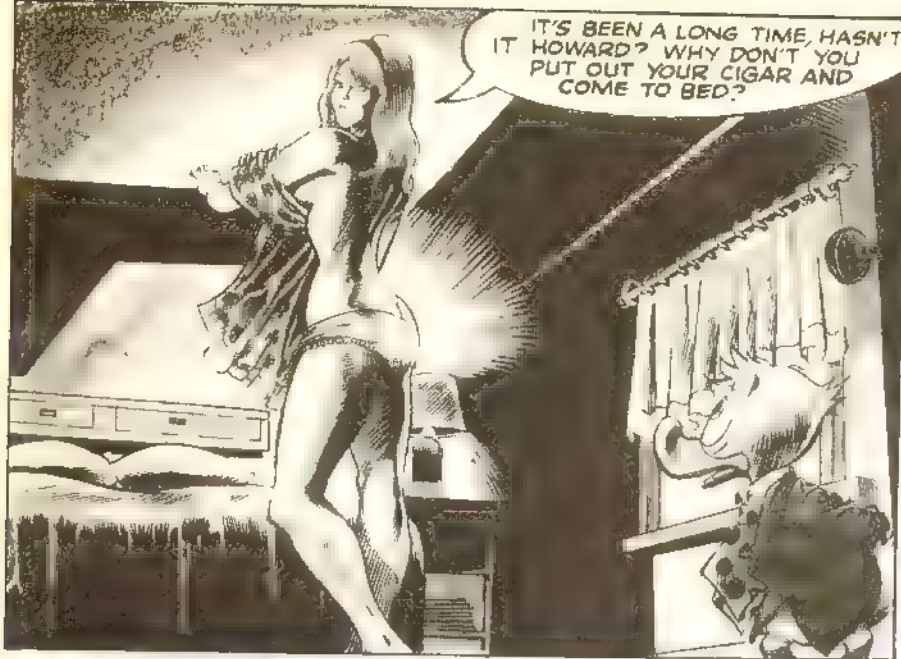
SURE!

PAUL WON'T TAKE UP MUCH ROOM--WE CAN JUST STAND HIM IN THE CLOSET OVERNIGHT!



WHICH REMINDS ME! IT'S ALMOST DAWN, AND BEV AND I AIN'T HAD A DECENT N'GHT'S SLEEP SINCE SKUDGE!

YOU AND PAUL CAN SHARE THE LIVING-ROOM MATTRESS WINDA!



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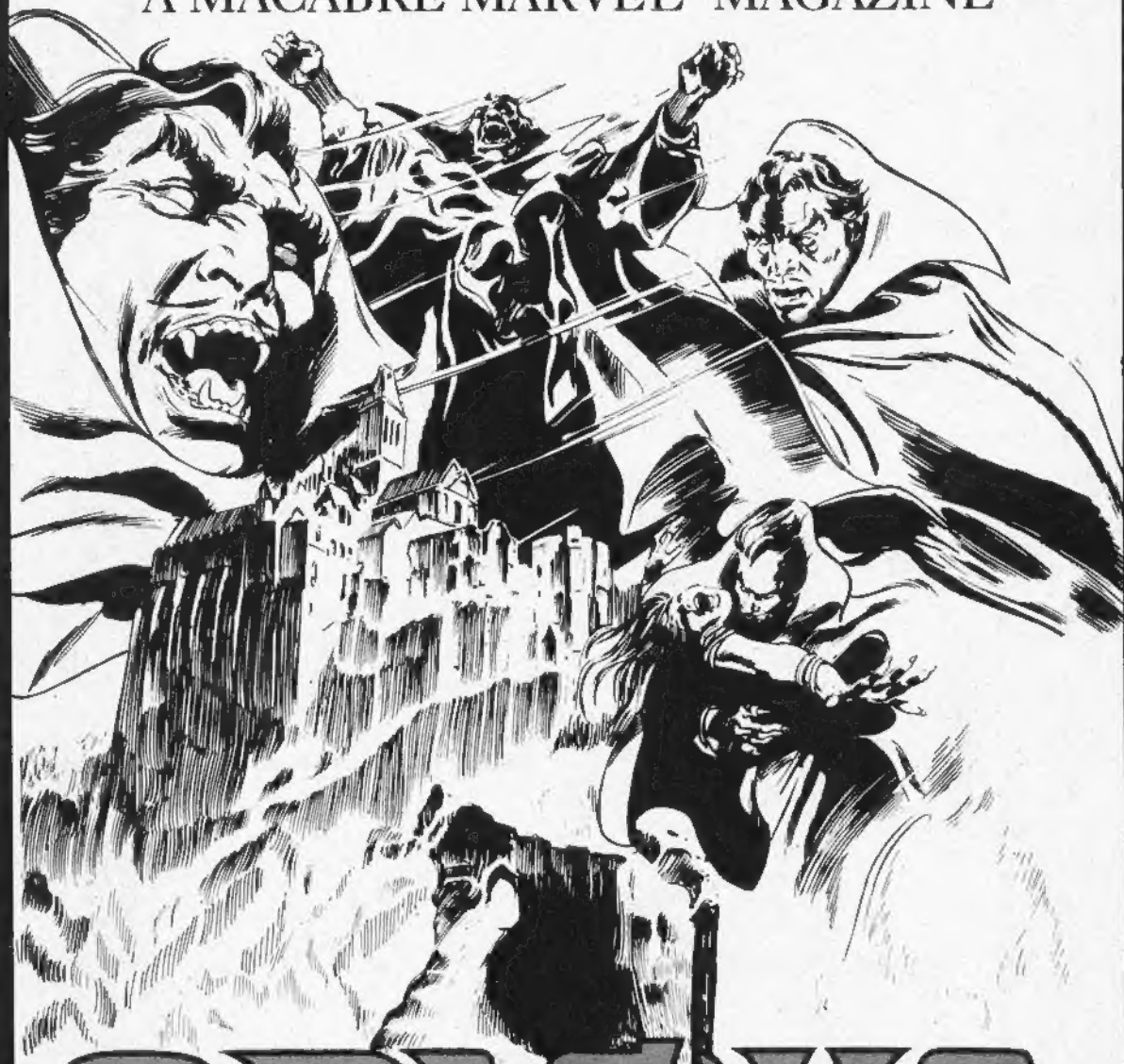
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AND OTHER FEARSOME FEATURES ON SALE IN AUGUST

Things are always fluid at Mighty Marvel, and at the Mighty Momentous Meaningful Malodorous Mellifluous (this is getting Monotonous) Magazine Department, it's no different. There are dozens of projects in the air, exciting things in the works and Multitudinous things to talk about.

The first, obviously, is what you hold in your hands—assuming that you haven't laid this issue of HOWARD THE DUCK on a table as you read it. Anyway, Howard has graduated from four-color to full, glorious black and white; for all the moral, artistic and salubrious implications of the move, see the editorial. What's up for the future? Well, a new look for Howard, some great new tales by Bill Mantlo, some great tails of feathers (Let's get all the bad duck puns out of the way right now. Get down, Duck. When in New York, Howard stays at the Drake. Howard's favorite actor is Jack Webb. If you have every Howard comic you're a bill collector. WAAAAAK this way.), Gene Colan's waaacky artwork (sorry), some features on Howard's activities as reported in various leading magazines, and various revelations.

We can only hint at things here, but tuck it away in the backs of your minds that Howard has been charged with tripping over a plug at Three Mile Island, stuffing ballot boxes in the Rhodesian election, being Jimmy Carter's human rights observer in Cambodia, and landing Lily Tomlin in the lead in **Moment by Moment**. It has also recently been revealed that Howard is the financial eminence grise to Cleveland's mayor. Woody Wilson had his Col. House, Adam Clayton Powell had his beach house, Alexandra had her Rasputin, Nixon had his dispuin', Wool had his Worth and Kucinich has his Howard.

Time waddles on.

Waddle I talk about next? Well, there are other Magazine Department projects you oughta know about, most 'specially Super Specials 11, 12 and—yes, we're bold enough to so number—13. They'll be out through the summer and fall and will feature Marvel's boldest project to date—in our stellar, ballyhooed history—a Weirdworld epic, **Warriors of the Shadow Realm**. In three parts, the saga concerns Tyndall's Quest for his roots and encounters with dragons, dwarves, sorcerers, demons, Dark Riders, Nightfangers (check your Audubon's Guide) and oh, so much more. If you haven't heard about the classic story, eye-boggling artwork and just the total class of these mags, then you're living with your head in the sand and will have a hard time reading the stuff anyway.

Dracula is another chap who's packed his bags and moved over to the magazine department. His master, Marv L. Wolfman, has planned some book-length adventures in the non-Code black-and-white, again to be assisted by the Macabre Gene Colan and his Maniacal pencil. Look for the first issue in late summer. By the way, we are also planning a possible Wolf Man magazine to be written by Marv Dracula.

A wild adaptation of METEOR is our media entry in the movie category. THE ROLLING STONES will feature that mild and hazy rock group in their own mag, and, of course, Preview, **Savage Sword of Conan**, the **Super Specials**, and the glorious **HULK!** will surge ahead as they have been.

If you have any encomiums (I guess encomia is the rawther acceptable word), or complaints, or suggestions, please let us hear from you. Suggestions are the best—let us hear what movies you'd like to see adapted, what characters featured (more of Moon Knight and Star-Lord??), what themes we should tackle.

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